JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1887

3D EVERY THURSDAY

GREAT ARMY STILL UNCALLED by the EDITOR

DRAMAS OF THE NIGHT SHIFT

LET GERMANY HAVE IT! by A.G.G.

THIS WARTIME WASHING METHOD SAVES SOAP COUPONS AND FUEL

Takes 1½ hours less—
No hard rubbing

HERE is a wartime way to do your Monday wash which makes your soap coupons go farther and also uses up less of your coal, gas or electricity. It gives you a fine clean line of washing, too!

This method has been worked out for you by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories.

THE WASHING METHOD

What you do is this: Use the hot water as it comes from the hot tap but run only *half* as much as you'd normally use. Then take *two-thirds* of the amount of Rinso you used to use, mix up a lather with it and put your whites to soak in the suds for *12 minutes only*. The suds should just cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

SOAK AND RINSE

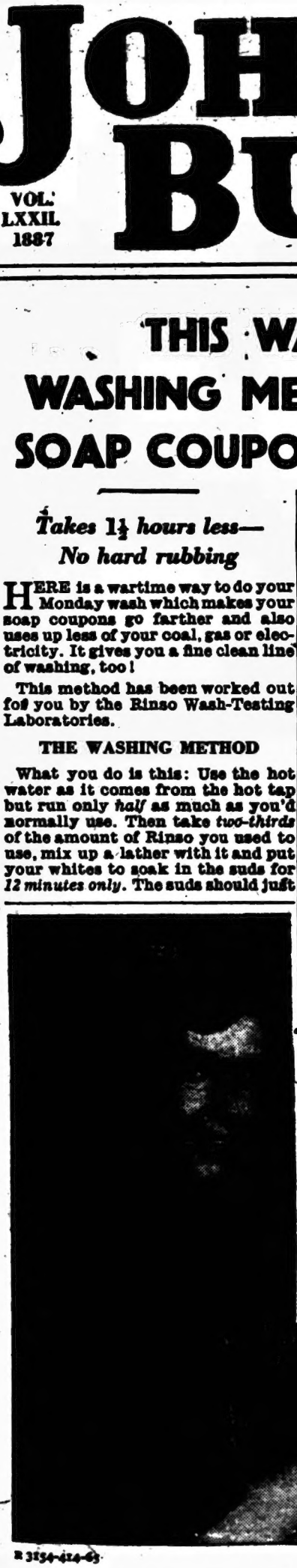
After the whites have soaked, wash them through and rinse in the usual way. Then put your coloureds to soak for 12 minutes in the same suds.

Of course, it's nicer to wash with lots of suds. But now that we've got to save in every possible way, you'll find this wartime washing method gives you the best results while using the minimum of soap and fuel.

Actually, you save one-third of the Rinso you'd normally use. And by not boiling the clothes and using only half as much hot water as usual, you save quite a bit of fuel.

What counts a lot, too, is that it's *quick* and *easy*. An average wash takes an hour-and-a-half less time this way and you've no hard rubbing to do and no copper to light.

Why not try this special wartime washing method next washday? Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. The two-coupon size costs 7d., the one-coupon 3½d.



Spends 10½ Hours in War Factory, Then Does Washing

Last-war munitions girl, Mrs. Wellings, is now back in a war factory, this time wiring bomb racks. Though she works a 10½-hour day, her husband and young son get well looked after. She even fits in the washing—using the special wartime Rinso method. "I can do my wash with only two-thirds of the Rinso I used to use by this method," she says. "It works fine—and saves fuel, too."

R 3154-424-63 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

You can replace the stopper . . . . . we can't

We are doing everything possible to keep up the supplies of Bulmer's Cider. You can help by returning empty Bulmer Flagons promptly to your Dealer—and please see that the stopper is replaced.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

royds 394

Weetabix

'POINTS' the HEALTH

Only two "points" for the small "battle-dress" package of Weetabix: only four for the large one. And then you have a delicious, convenient, time-saving, fuel-saving food, which will give the maximum of benefit to your children and all who eat it.

In the making of Weetabix the *whole* of the wheat is used and all the vitamins and mineral salts so vital to growth and energy are retained.

Can be eaten in a variety of ways—with milk, dry, with a 'spread' or as a delightful and sustaining addition to soft fruits.

It's MORE than a Breakfast Food

W.Z.12 SMALL SIZE · 2 POINTS 7½d · LARGE SIZE · 4 POINTS 1/2

WEETABIX LTD. BURTON LATIMER NORTHANTS

diphtheria is DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Have your child immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

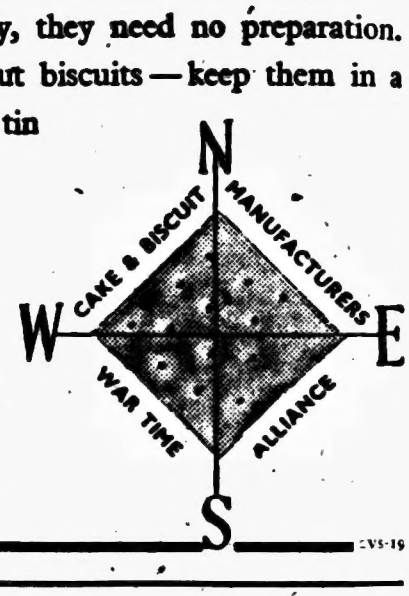
THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

DZ

BISCUITS for Today and Tomorrow

Biscuits are the ideal compact food. Soldiers carry them. Ships' lifeboats are victualled with them. *Your* larder should always hold a week's supply.

Biscuits are a food — not a luxury. They create energy, they satisfy, they need no preparation. So never be without biscuits — keep them in a dry place and in a tin if possible.



This announcement is one of a series, issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers' War Time Alliance, relating to the manufacture, distribution and sale of cakes and biscuits.

CVS-19

Good health —good work

An alert woman in a key position — one of thousands serving millions. One of Britain's war workers in tip-top health, ready with her tact, patience and non-stop efficiency. The Golden Rule of Health has many adherents — why not you?

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

We live and learn . . .

There used to be a belief that good wine could not be produced in this country. In this, as in some other matters, the war has made us wiser.

A great many folks who shared this misconception have discovered that—like most other things produced here—British wine comes well out of the test of the times.

For years now the authentic process of wine production has been successfully carried on here in England and millions of bottles of the finest British wine—known as V.P.—have found their way into the homes of the people. In these times, of course, although still available, V.P. is necessarily less readily obtained.

VP

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products cellars in Surrey, since the early days of the century. The British wines bottled by VINE PRODUCTS include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE, and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 5/6 a bottle.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 15, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

WHITE AND BLACK

● **White flour is the latest addition to Black Market commodities.**

It is allowed to be delivered to bakers until existing stocks are used up—ten bags of white in every forty delivered.

Owing to the greed of some small bakers and "travellers," quite a lot of it is not used in the manufacture of bread.

No. The white flour is sold at exorbitant prices to those fussy folk who don't mind emptying their pockets to make pre-war pastry and puddings.

So private larders are once again stacked with bags of white flour, a profitable new line has been added to the wide range of Black Market goods —and a small minority of scallywags are able to snigger at the Government and the great majority of citizens who realise that war demands sacrifices.

JOHN BULL, passing on the tip to the authorities, hopes that the offenders will soon be taught war-time sense by prosecution and heavy penalties.

Straight from the Shoulder

CONTROL THE WAR

SWIFTLY the war moves towards its climax. The next few weeks may well be the most fateful in all the troubled history of mankind.

Gigantic new battles will split the earth on half a dozen fronts; the United Nations must seek not merely to repel the enemy's supreme thrusts but to gain the initiative.

How can that be done unless the forces of freedom are United in fact as well as name, unless their might is harnessed to a common plan?

Not Enough

Unity between the Allies is not ensured by the comings-and-goings of high personages between Washington and London and Moscow.

Such missions are invaluable as an aid to common understanding. They are no substitute for constant and common planning.

Costly and Crazy

Russia appeals for that planning. China seeks it anxiously. Now the Americans are urging it as vehemently as JOHN BULL has done for months past.

They refer to the "dismal lack of unity between American and British officials on the conduct of the war."

A lack that is not only costly but crazy!

No Agreement—

Thus it is said that there is no agreement on the allocation of many scarce materials.

American air officers are reported to be trying to run their forces in Britain independently of the R.A.F. The two nations are making bombs that will not fit each other's 'planes.

—And No Excuse

It is disturbing that there should be divergences between the British and U.S. commands. It is inexcusable that the standardisation of equipment—promised so long ago—is still far from complete.

And it is bewildering that there is not even unified command in the higher strategy of the war.

Missing Commander

True, MacArthur is the supreme commander in the Australian zone. Chiang Kai-shek is paramount in China. Auchinleck directs the Middle East forces; Wavell commands all the Indian defences.

But is there a supreme commander of the British, American and Allied forces here in Europe? If so, his appointment has not been made public.

General Staff

Far more serious, however, is the absence of a joint United Nations' general staff.

Such a staff would plan military operations not as isolated battles but as a strategic whole, each part fitting into its proper place in the broad perspective of the war.

No Solution

For it does not suffice for us to send supplies to Russia and whisper our military intentions in the Kremlin.

The war will not be won because the U.S. sends us men and materials. The vast Pacific problem cannot be solved by urging China to stand fast.

World View

The United Nations must pool their resources, their man-power and their equipment.

These must be disposed when, where and how the *world situation* demands—not as the interests or prestige of any particular nation makes desirable.

The Caucasus

Consider the world situation for a moment.

Von Bock must sweep through the sunny Caucasus or condemn the German armies to the horror of a second Russian winter.

If he succeeds, then large forces could be withdrawn from the Russian front and sent to reinforce the garrison in France and the other Occupied Countries.

The Far East

In the Far East the monsoons are ceasing to fall on a saturated earth; Japan will soon move westwards to India and southwards to Australia.

Every day, too, she sends more troops northwards—ready to stab Russia in the back.

Desert Sphinx

In the Middle East a sphinx-like enigma confronts us. Can we hold Rommel? Can we afford to wait until he is ready to strike? Should we attack him now with all the means at our command?

Coupled with such posers is the big question mark presented by the German forces in the Balkans. Maybe they are there to launch an airborne attack on Cyprus, Syria and Persia should Von Bock advance farther in the Caucasus and thus make possible Hitler's long-envisaged pincer movement towards the oilfields.

Western Front

Still nearer home, we must decide how best we can expedite the opening of a Western Front.

Can we strike before Hitler's legions return from the Eastern Front? Dare we wait to amass still more materials, still more men?

Reign of Terror

Hitler is not waiting. He sees the red light shining boldly from the cliffs of Dover.

He fears an uprising of the oppressed peoples should we invade his conquered territories; and so in France, in Holland and Belgium, in Norway, he intensifies his reign of terror.

Mass deportations, the concentration camp, the shooting of hostages—all are employed to remove those who might aid us.

From the Rear

He knows that the strongest fortifications are useless if a hostile population has the chance of attacking them in the rear.

Therefore, despite the boastings of his paid liars, he does not welcome an Allied invasion—not yet.

Undoubtedly it is the wish of our leaders to launch that invasion at the earliest possible moment.

Think as One

The wish is shared by the British and American peoples. Russia has often expressed it; now China echoes it.

The amazing Chinese promise a counter-offensive against the Japanese on a wide front when the propitious moment arrives; the Russian general, Shilovsky, bids us remember that the dazzling successes of Germany hide grave weaknesses that we can exploit.

In the last war, Russia was driven out of the field before the United States entered it; this time, concerted planning can bring the enormous might of Britain, the U.S., Russia and China against the enemy simultaneously.

Missing Link

Is there concerted planning for the forces even of Britain?

There is not.

Our Cabinet is burdened by administrative duties; our military staffs are harassed by routine.

Threefold Blow

There is no joint general staff to focus the operations of land, air and sea forces into a single, all-powerful blow against the enemy.

There is co-ordination, certainly. There is not complete unity.

Snubbed Scientists

Similarly, there is no general staff of scientists and technical experts, though Sir Stafford Cripps is said to be in favour of appointing one.

Our military leaders are not advised by a panel of engineers and research workers who could report on the latest scientific inventions and how best to employ them.

That is why we have so often lagged behind the enemy in the improvement of equipment. We have, indeed, many surprises in store for the enemy; might we not have more if scientific advice were made available in our highest councils of war?

Rule-of-Thumb

For too long, also, has industry relied upon rule-of-thumb methods. Though we have at last set up a Ministry of Production, we have not yet ensured that production shall be improved by the use of brain-power.

In other words, our workers cannot yet aid the nation by eliminating muddle and inefficiency.

The production committees in factories are without real power.

Our Chance

Let us remedy these major defects in the military and industrial planning of the war, and our ultimate triumph will be guaranteed.

Grim though the news has lately been, stern as are the trials before us, the great opportunity for the United Nations cannot long be delayed.

Let our leaders make ready to exploit it with all the advantages they possess!

(Continued overleaf)

"WE HAVE GOT TO BE PREPARED TO FACE—I THINK IMMEDIATELY—SUSTAINED AIR ATTACKS . . ."

The North-West Regional Commissioner

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MR. BEVIN has a reputation for speed and vigour. Those gifts, alas! are not possessed by some officials of his supremely important Ministry.

"Please don't ask me to write to the Ministry of Labour," correspondents tell us when reporting examples of wasted labour, "the Ministry just ignores complaints."

Slow to Move

So often does the phrase appear in our readers' letters that it cannot entirely lack justification.

As for the scandals revealed in these columns, such departments as the War Office and the Ministry of Aircraft Production are far more eager than the Ministry of Labour to make official inquiries.

Knowing Mr. Bevin, it is hard to believe that he would smile kindly upon officials who disregard the information supplied by decent citizens anxious to help the war effort.

Victimised

Moreover, it happens in quite a few cases that workers who report gross inefficiency or scandal in the factory are later sacked. The Ministry of Labour does not protect them.

Sometimes, a strike results. So much valuable time is lost, war production delayed.

Ideas Spurned

Again, though the Government appeals for better-production ideas from the workers, there is reason to suspect that ideas are resented by some jealous managements.

Even if there is no active opposition, no one bothers to explain to the men why their ideas may be impracticable. And the men lose heart and become apathetic.

Surely the Ministry of Labour should concern itself with every matter likely to depress the workers' morale?

Crazy Corner

It should also interest the Minister to hear that the transfer-of-labour scheme is not quite so well organised as officialdom's praises suggest.

Women in a North-East factory are being transferred to the Midlands, much against their wishes. Yet another factory in the same district is urgently in need of women workers.

Running Empty

No less grotesque a muddle affects transport.

A great factory employing 13,000 people is served by three 'bus companies. Each company jealously preserves its pre-war "transport rights," so 'buses that take the night-shift to the factory cannot take back the day-shift, but have to return empty.

And the day-shift workers have to hang about for half an hour or so, waiting for another company's 'buses to arrive.

Such Is War!

In a Midlands city, one company's 'buses are not allowed to pick up passengers on the inward journey.

They must run empty past thousands of workers; with the result that many are made late for work and thousands of man-hours are wasted every year.

More Work

But the powers-that-be have a passion for unnecessary complications.

Thus the 2s. 6d. increase for old-age pensioners cannot automatically be paid out at post offices. Because it is based on the supplementary rate, new books will have to be issued.

So officials who had been lent to employment exchanges to rush out the new insurance books have been suddenly recalled to rush out a complete set of new pension books!

More Prying

And, of course, other officials will have to visit every "supplementary" pensioner to inspect wardrobes and peep into the coal cellar.

An expenditure of labour—and forms—that could have been averted by a simple all-round increase in the old-age pension!

Going Rusty

Sir Percival Bower complains that a large number of parts of Anderson shelters are lying about in Birmingham, and that an enormous amount of metal is scaling away. Soon it will not be good enough even for scrap.

Next, take a look at Bradford and district. In almost every mill is obsolete machinery, unused for years, that is going rusty. Hundreds of tons could be scrapped without affecting production.

Time to Start

It is ironic that, when the private citizen is urged to surrender every ounce of metal, vast quantities are ignored by industry and officialdom.

The great clean-out has long been promised. Could not the public be given evidence that it has actually begun?

Food for Pigs!

Does metal provide the only source of waste? Not on your life!

A six-wheeler railway van arrived at Covent Garden the other day with a load of peas. And that vast load was soon transferred to a dust cart.

The peas were in perfectly good condition. But, as one market man remarked, "We can't get a good price for them now."

N.B.—Peas are selling in London suburbs for 6d. a pound.

Room for Snobs

As for waste of fuel, that's an offence. But not for railway companies!

Empty first-class carriages are hauled all over the country. Third-class compartments are packed to suffocation. An army of officious inspectors is employed to see that common folk (meaning most of us) do not invade the sacred solitudes of the first-class preserves.

And this—if you haven't already realised it—is the third year of a so-called "total war."

Not Wanted

Total war! Why, even the Admiralty doesn't know the meaning of the phrase.

A Dublin girl wants to do her bit. Her three brothers have done theirs in the Fighting Forces—one of them died on H.M.S. *Neptune*. But she can't join the Wrens—because she lives in Dublin.

Soldier Servant

Yet there is undoubtedly a shortage of female labour in Britain.

You may not believe it, but one officer's wife is actually having to advertise for someone to look after a ten-month-old baby. The advertisement adds: "Cook and soldier servant kept."

Since soldier servants are so easy to obtain, why not dress one in petticoats to look after the baby?

Doing Them Well

But it is not so easy to obtain money from the Services.

Three airmen made a forced landing. Exhausted and hungry, they were taken by the police to a Midlands hotel.

The proprietor made them right welcome.

They were given a bath and comfortable beds. For supper, they had steak and chips, jam tart, tea, and so on; breakfast consisted of corn flakes, with milk and sugar, bacon and sausages, fried potatoes, toast and tea. Their laundry alone cost 3s.

Reward

From a grateful Government, the hotel keeper has now received 5s. 11d., though he would have been paid 5s. 6d. to provide supper, bed and breakfast for just one A.T.S. girl.

He has sent the 5s. 11d., plus 10s. 6d., to JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund. We thank him for the remittance and sympathise with his feelings.

No Profit

Another transaction in which there is no profit—and rightly so—is the sale of war savings certificates.

Is that the reason for the failure of N.A.A.F.I. canteens to sell them to thrifty troops?

Spit-and-Polish

Next comes a question to Sir James Grigg, who is hardly the man to tolerate the fatuities of local die-hards.

Why do troops posted to mobilisation centres experience the worst fatuities of spit-and-polish?

There is plainly less reason for the polishing of brasses in such centres than in the case of units unlikely to be called on for active service.

Opened by a Censor

Sir James might also ponder this curious allegation:

A young A.T.S. girl received a telegram from her mother—but only after it had been opened by her officer.

We should like to know that some mistake had been made. Because we should not like to know that A.T.S. officers had the right to act as censors of incoming mail.

Workhouse Stigma

Nor is it pleasant to admit that the workhouse stigma still persists, even though the workhouse is nowadays known by a more genteel title.

A Bournemouth doctor telephoned for an ambulance to take a hard-working girl to the municipal hospital. But he was told the hospital "master" would not admit her without the relieving officer's permission!

Thus are decent citizens—and doctors—subjected to the autocracy of Bumble's descendants.

Facing Eviction

Ah! but the petty autocracy of local officialdom dies hard. Witness the case of an old Yorkshire miner who, as a reward for long service, was presented by the colliery company with a rent-free tenancy of a "Sunshine" house.

His former house was taken over by his soldier son without the council's permission. A false move, perhaps; but the council's decision to evict the soldier's young family is hardly more commendable.

Patriotism, like charity, begins at home—and it is undesirable that a good soldier's family should be turned into the street.

Beginning at Home

But if charity really begins at home, we may be pardoned for advising the A.E.U. and other trades unions to increase the benefits of their superannuated members while agitating for higher wages.

On none does the cost of living rest more heavily than on small pensioners.

Pointed Hint

Housewives have their perplexities too. To correct a widespread misapprehension, let us make it clear that shopkeepers need *not* sell "points" goods except to registered customers. They have merely been requested to sell to anybody when their stocks are adequate.

It would save ill-feeling if some shopkeepers were less brusque when saying "No" to non-registered customers.

Behind the News

- **New nerve war for passage of Nazi troops through Turkey is to be launched if Hitler's drive for Caucasus is halted short of key points within the next three weeks.**
- *Supreme Luftwaffe chief Milch has been relieved of other work to concentrate on countering R.A.F. raids; A.A. experts have been merged with fighter commands to tighten-up defences.*
- World's best pursuit plane, the U.S. Thunderbolt, is now in mass production. Level speed is over 400 miles an hour; power-dive, 680 m.p.h.
- **Rommel is more autocratic than ever; he is provoking resentment not only among Italians but German officers under his command.**
- *Oberg, Gestapo chief in Occupied France, has established a French "office to deal with resistance"—branch of the organisation that has tortured thousands of Poles to death.*
- Double rewards have been offered for information concerning the "underground" journals now springing up in Occupied Countries to cater especially for women.
- **Daily meat ration for German troops in Russia of 2,500 cattle can no longer be met by plundering Europe, so German herds are now being slaughtered and civilian supplies cut by two-thirds.**
- *Besides, Nazis hint that quality of cooking fats in Germany must soon be reduced owing to Norwegian sabotage and Commando raids on fish-oil factories.*
- Wiedemann, Hitler's favourite, is urging the Japanese to attack Russia without further delay.
- **He is in charge of German-Japanese efforts to establish contact over the high seas and break the blockade. As such, he has promised German pilots to make good the Japs' losses; in exchange, Japan is trying to get manganese through to Germany.**
- *Richthofen, Stuka leader and Luftwaffe general, is expected to become commander of the first Black Guard air squadrons lately created to deal with possible civil warfare.*

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

GREAT ARMY STILL UNCALLED

IF given the chance, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women, carrying on the essential business and routine of the country, who would gladly give up more time to do extra work to help forward the national war effort.

More than that, a great many people are passionately discontented about not being allowed to do so.

They hate wasting an hour when every minute is so precious.

Failure to mobilise this great army of the uncalled is something apart from the wastage among full-time war workers, about which we told the blunt truth last week.

Then we showed that, though Mr. Lyttelton, the Production Minister, contended we had nearly absorbed the available man-power, nothing like the utmost use was being made of it.

Here is another source which has barely been nibbled, and the tremendous possibilities of this part-time work, so successful in the last war, is proved again by a local effort started in Manchester.

There, the Chamber of Commerce got down to brass tacks with the Ministry of Labour's Regional Controller and opened a register for volunteers.

Large numbers came forward, and about a thousand of them have been doing part time in war factories for the past three months. They include company directors, clergymen, buyers, travellers, clerks, and so on, and all draw the Union rates of pay.

Liverpool and other towns in the North-West have already "caught on," and similar schemes are being organised.

These local efforts are fine, but they are not enough, and it is not the right way to handle the job.

Wholehearted local co-operation is, of course, essential, but the whole thing must be vigorously directed from the top by the Government.

That lack of central drive is unhappily the bugbear in so much of our war effort and about which JOHN BULL has campaigned since the early weeks of the war, when we were shaking ourselves into shape.

There have been improvements, but nothing like sufficient.

Just now, for instance, house-to-house canvass is being made to find out what able-bodied men and women are willing to do in the event of an enemy landing.

Why not, at the same time, check up on volunteers for part-time war work? It needs only three simple questions: *What* could they do, *when* could they do it, and *where*?

AFTER that, it would be the Ministry of Labour's job—with the close co-operation of local authorities and local employers—to put these willing helpers to work.

Of course, it isn't easy to place part-time workers in suitable jobs, but, as we all know, winning the war isn't going to be easy, and this aspect of it, difficult though it may be, can be tackled like so many other of the hard problems.

Anyway, it is an important potential source of labour, and we won't listen to any of the people so ready to talk of difficulties until we have seen that a real and spirited attempt has been made.

Solutions of many of the difficulties are, in fact, simple.

For instance, where people cannot set aside definite days or half-days, or don't live within reasonable distance of any suitable factory, a great deal can be done on the spot where they work.

One excellent illustration of what can be done in this way is the enterprise of a large London stores, which equipped one of its air raid shelters as a rough-and-ready workshop and called for volunteers among its own staff.

The management found the work—turning out simple electrical wiring parts for aircraft—and its staff gladly supplied the labour. The girls who volunteered were first tested for suitability, and then put on to this unskilled, but useful, job for three hours an evening, two or three nights a week. They are paid at the rate of 1s. 2d. an hour.

With live direction from the top why cannot this be done on the premises of hundreds of other businesses?

Then there is vast scope on these lines among the Civil Defence workers, who must remain at their stations, but are itching to do some useful war work to fill in their waiting time.

A start, in a small way, has been made with London firemen, but, so far, it is limited to fewer than 30 of the 600 stations.

WHERE the work is going on, the firemen are reclaiming good rubber scrap from old tyres and other salvage or assembling boxes for bomb fins and grenades with simple hand tools, and other similar jobs.

But the contracts these men are fulfilling have been obtained by their own initiative. In spite of the Government's professed desire to make use of the waiting time of the Civil Defence workers, it seems that officialdom even frowns upon the enthusiasm of the workers themselves.

Determined central direction by the Ministries concerned could quickly sweep away all such bureaucratic obstruction and any other prejudices which stand in the way.

Whatever extra pay Civil Defence people may earn doesn't matter in the least, for this is a question of man-power, not of money.

It is the same with the seasonal jobs like farm work and gathering in the crops. All the schemes for using teachers, university students, youngsters at school, and all people with long holidays are too dispersed and sectional. Far more could have been done by central direction.

And doing useful part-time war work does not necessarily mean going into a factory. Properly co-ordinated and used, it can release considerable numbers of full-time war workers now engaged in administration and clerical work.

Part-time workers could take over these jobs much quicker than training for actual factory work, and the men and women thus set free could go to the factories.

The same applies to work in shops, banks, insurance offices, laundries, post offices, and so on.

All these undertakings must carry on, but we shall never touch total war effort until every fit man and woman who is not literally indispensable in his or her normal calling is put to active service with the Forces or in war industry.

This means that all the people anxious to do part-time work must be willing and ready to turn to any kind of job, not just the one they feel they would like to do.

We are confident that the big majority are willing and even eager to do *anything*.

Their co-operation is not and never has been the snag. It has been and remains Whitehall timidity.

The truth is that though Whitehall pays lip service to the principle of part-time labour, it is doing little to put that principle into practice.

JOHN BULL asked a National Service Officer whose area covers a great industrial district in London: "What are you doing about volunteers for part-time work?"

His answer was succinct and revealing: "*Nothing.*"

So perhaps it is not surprising that even ex-officers—recently released from the Army because they were not quite fit enough for active duties—are unable to find either full-time or part-time jobs.

Every hour of these crisis days emphasises the urgency of new Government action to change all that, and, unless it has been taken by then, Members of Parliament must demand it insistently the moment they return after the recess.

How Hitler is Fought in Germany

MEET Frau Minna Fritsche of Germany!

If you saw her near her home in London or looked at her picture at the big exhibition of Germany's anti-Nazi underground fighters you would think she is just an ordinary middle-aged housewife, a refugee like so many others in Britain now.

★ ★ ★

You would be mistaken. Frau Minna Fritsche is a heroine.

She left Germany because the Gestapo was on her heels. But she would not admit defeat. With the threat of concentration camp and death hanging over her, she returned to Germany, crossed the best-guarded frontier in Europe to take anti-Nazi literature to her comrades at home.

She has done it more than forty times. Forty times she defied the Gestapo. In the end she came to Britain.

Others are carrying on her work. Before the R.A.F. dropped millions of pamphlets over Germany they braved the dangers and carried anti-Nazi books and leaflets on their backs. More than 120,000 such pamphlets have been seized by the Gestapo, according to an official Nazi report.

In more than 400 cases the bearers of those messages of freedom found themselves face to face with heavily armed Nazi frontier guards. The Gestapo admits that in these 400 cases the daring couriers offered armed resistance.

Now, again, blood-red posters are put up in the streets of Berlin and other German towns. Every one of these posters announces the death of yet another heroic anti-Nazi underground fighter.

But many get through, and the underground fighters they enlist have penetrated far into the structure of the hideous Nazi gang.

They were recently able to carry on a house-to-house inquiry about losses of German boys and men in Russia. It was not difficult for them to disprove the official Nazi reports — ridiculous understatements of the grim true facts.

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In some streets of a German town as many as 80 per cent. of the enlisted male inhabitants had been killed during the Russian winter campaign.

Skilfully these brave men and women, whose names will once rank side by side with the heroes of the war, are trying to undermine the whole Nazi edifice.

News of their work reaches Britain regularly. The German League of Culture, a refugee organisation, can recognise the activities of their friends at home in Germany by official reports which the Nazi Press publishes. They know many names in these reports, names of good friends, proud anti-Nazis, as courageously they do their dangerous job.

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The experienced officials of the German League of Culture—experienced, alas! not only in political underground work, but in Nazi prisons and concentration camps which they have seen from the inside—know that the anti-Nazi forces in Germany are growing in strength.

All of them are ready to join forces with the armies of the United Nations as soon as they strike at the heart of Nazi Germany.

Open Letters

General Sir WALTER VENNING, Quartermaster-General to the Army

DEAR GENERAL,—Your vastly important job of supplying the British Army has been unspectacular.

Not many bouquets have come your way in those difficult war years in which you have done it so well.

But I'll give you one, now that you are retiring.

Often though the Army has had to go without sorely needed equipment, never once were you to blame.

You inherited muddle and shortage—thanks to certain pre-war leaders. But, while catering for a rapidly expanding Army, you cleaned up chaos.

Your successor, Lieutenant-General Sir T. Riddell-Webster, should learn a lot from your methods.

You found out your own facts. You accepted them unchecked from nobody—not even Whitehall.

You admit learning from the newspapers. You have coined vast improvements from the letters of humble people.

You've welcomed any help—as long as it has been for the good of the Army. So keep around. We'll need your advice.—JOHN BULL.

MOSES ELISBERG, New York

ELISBERG,—You found yourself a war-job—mounting a soap-box and maligning the British to New York's hurrying crowds.

Our soldiers, you said, just ran away, leaving their American-made equipment to the enemy. Our generals received their rank because they were related to the House of Lords.

And much more, in the same lying vein.

But the first "cop" to come along didn't need telling that the British soldier has fought his damnedest in every theatre of war, and that your other statements were just as mischievously untrue.

He "knocked you off." The judge, putting you away for a well-merited 30 days in the cooler, said he was going to stamp out these lies.

Well, Elisberg, we've got a few people of your kidney in our own country.

They try to circulate mischievous statements about your own boys over here—not with much success, judging by the way British people are taking U.S. soldiers to their hearts.

Our own Security Police are hunting for these disciples of Adolph Hitler. When caught, they are going to get it in the neck.

For we, like our cousins in America, are determined to stamp out these lies, every one of which is worth a brigade of troops to the Nazis.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—I have before me a letter from a woman of sixty in a much-bombed town.

It tells how, when incendiaries showered on her long street, setting her house on fire, she looked round for the fire watchers.

Not one appeared. She, her daughter and her daughter's husband had to fight the blaze alone.

Twenty minutes after the "All Clear" had sounded, a fire engine arrived. It was too late.

So I read with no surprise that the council of a north-eastern town is making official protest about fire-watching within its boundaries during recent raids.

Reorganisation of fire-fighting into a National Service was a grand idea, but are you sure a big check-up is not needed now the raids have resumed.

We could do with twice as many fire-guards—and still have not enough.

I know about the new order aimed at bringing in as fire-guards a whole army of dodgers, and I applaud the move to bring in "compulsorily" women aged 20 to 45.

But I hope there will be real compulsion this time.

Another type of letter which I receive tells of fire-guards who wouldn't hear you if you called for them with the loudest loud-speaker during their hours of duty—in some cases because they are nowhere near.

I know that you—one of the most energetic people we have in Whitehall—devote much of your spare time to making surprise calls on blocks of flats, streets, and big office buildings.

But why not a larger-scale test, over the country as a whole?

In the N.F.S.—which still has faults, and not a few—your Ministry, and in particular *you*, have done wonders in very short time.

But only *the very best* will do. And to achieve that the service must have sufficient eyes—and first-aid workers.

That means sufficient fire-guards, and 100 per cent. keenness all round.

And that means *real* compulsion, not such kind-hearted appeals as: "Please come in because it's urgent."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GWILYM LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—Been to any of the hundreds of August fairs and fêtes? I have.

I saw rows of men knocking 6-in. nails into baulks of timber at a penny a time.

Petrol had been used to permit this waste of essential war materials.

I saw a palmist who had come from a seaside resort 250 miles distant to sell dangerous drivel. She'd towed a complete house-on-wheels behind her 16-h.p. car.

Other cars brought prizes of aluminium, chromium and glass—for people who didn't really need them.

I saw penny-rolling games—the kind that tempt children to rob gas-meters—in scores. All brought by petrol engines.

By all means let the youngsters have their roundabouts. And grown-up war workers their "dodge-'ems"—or a half-hour in the boxing booth (where, by the way, most of the contestants are Service men on leave).

But who gives charlatans of the sea-front precious petrol that doctors and nurses find it so hard to get? I wonder!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—An examiner of shells, a man of high character and qualification, felt it his duty to bring to official notice his complaints about the armament factory in which he worked.

By a coincidence, it was at once discovered by the firm that a reduction of staff was necessary. That was the reason given for sacking him forthwith.

There are, by the way, too many of these "coincidences" in our war factories.

Anyhow, I have the documents in this case before me. They show that the man spoke up as a public-spirited citizen anxious to see the factory working at 100 per cent. efficiency.

If his complaints are justified, something should be done about them. If they are not, it is still plain folly to drive him out of the war effort.

Look into the case, and I am sure you will agree.—JOHN BULL.

Of Men, Work and Miracles

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

THERE is bitter irony in the Admiralty statement that twenty-three shipyards which went out of existence during the severe shipbuilding depression after the last war have been reopened.

It took the most devastating war in history to get those shipyards working again. The most terrible menace to the nation and the constant drain on its shipping have achieved the "miracle" which no amount of misery and idle degradation could produce in pre-war years.

I used to know some of those shipyards in the days before the last war, when proud ships took the waters of the Tyne, the Wear and the Tees. They were the centres around which the lives of thousands of families were spun.

One by one the yards closed down. The slipways rotted. Fitting shops rusted. Decay and desolation ruled where once the clang of the riveters sent waves of busy sound echoing over the reaches of the rivers.

Men, victims of an economic system which could find no remedy for the evils it has wrought, stagnated. Their homes, like their lives, grew shabby. Their minds, dulled by doles and despair, were bitter, resentful.

For years these craftsmen, the cream of our industrial army, the finest and most skilful in the world, looked in vain for the "miracle" which would set going again the wheels of production.

Instead, they saw shipyard after shipyard dismantled on the grounds of "redundancy."

Redundancy! The very word sounds stupid to-day, when shipping is the life-line of the united nations.

As with the shipyards, so with other plants which to-day should have been engaged in vital war work. Blast furnaces that might have been turning out hematite iron were pulled down, coke-oven plants, with their highly important by-products, just rotted into uselessness.

Against all this it may be argued that the economic ills of industrial Britain in those grim years of depression were too deeply rooted to be cured by any known peace time remedies.

Further, it might be stated that when the vast waves of unemployment engulfed so many workers in our industrial areas no one dreamed of the present upheaval which is shaking the entire globe to its foundations.

Those arguments carry no weight. What does carry weight is the fact that when new ships are vitally needed ways and means are found to reopen shipyards. And no one pauses to consider whether or not such moves are economically sound, or whether the country can afford the cost.

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Years ago this great, rich land of ours was cynically unconcerned at the misery, the poverty, the hopelessness that darkened the lives of so many good men, women and children.

But when the band began to play, Riveter Smith and Plater Brown and Caulker Robinson assumed new importance in the eyes of the State. And the shipyards slowly got back into their stride.

The only moral to be drawn is that to achieve economic "miracles" economics as we know them must go by the board.

A thing worth remembering when post-war problems crowd upon us.

MY FACTORY BATTLEFRONT

BY A DOCTOR

Dramas of the Night Shift

You've read all about the multitude of jobs in war factories. Here's another side of the day and night life in the bustle, revealed in notes from the private diary of a factory doctor

GRETE, the girl with the brilliant blue bandana, who came from Vienna when the Nazis murdered her father, looked up from her lathe in the workshop wnere the helium lamps give perpetual daylight.

"Mit der Dummheit kampfen die Gotter selbst vergebens . . ." she said with a wry smile, nodding to a frail girl working at a big screw-cutting machine.

So many trusted refugees are working in British war factories that you soon cease to be surprised at hearing German spoken; but a Schiller classical quotation was something different!

"The gods . . .?" I ventured.

"It means," Grete explained in Bergner-like accents, "Against stupidity the gods themselves battle in vain . . ."

So even Grete knew that the girl next to her was a fool; that she was nursing a secret sorrow. As medical and welfare officer it is part of my job to help, but not to pry. Time after time I had given Sylvia Munro the chance to let me help her.

The job was not simple—he was operating too near the brain . . . and minutes meant the difference between life and death

Nearly all the thousands of girls who leave home to be directed to war work at the lathes are happy and even healthier than they were in pre-war days. But, human nature unchanging, there are always a few tough cases—like Sylvia.

This night shift was barely two hours older when the bell shrilled. My consulting room, "O.P." department and operating theatre are in the centre of the main works wing, sound-proof and bomb-proof. The double doors were opened, and there stood two first-aid-post stretcher-bearers, Grete and the section foreman.

Life Saved

"It's Mrs. Munro——" began the foreman, but the senior first-aid man cut in with a technical word, and I began my examination at once.

Despite the coma which held her, there was in her slender immaturity a strange beauty. She moaned when I moved her gently. Her skin was burning to the touch. And then I saw the faint swelling behind the ear—acute mastoiditis.

The little fool. She should have come to me days ago.

This mastoid job is not simple. You are operating too close to the brain. But it was all right.

"I didn't want to come to you and report sick," Sylvia shyly confessed when I talked to her in a few days' time. "My husband's in the Navy. He was in the St. Nazaire raid, and I feel I'm doing my bit working at a lathe making weapons for men like him to use. A few months ago I went to my own local doctor because I wasn't feeling well, but of course I didn't know there was anything serious . . ."

Her life was saved because she had the fortune to work in a war time factory where there was adequate medical aid, a surgeon at instant call, not fewer than two State-registered nurses on duty at all hours of the day and night—and now a tactful welfare officer to bring some sunshine into her life during convalescence.

After working for many years as an ordinary "G.P." I appreciate more than most how war time conditions are improving the general health of workers.

Team-Work

Before the war, local "panel" men often resented (and not unnaturally) the interference of works doctors and Home Office experts—especially the system by which the local man's patients were interviewed at the factory without his knowledge. All that sort of thing has stopped. There is in most cases grand team-work between local doctors and works medical officers—and the general good health of Britain's 22 million war workers is proof.

I can tell you that during the past year 25 per cent. of men munition workers were absent less than three days; 84 per cent. were away less that 3 per cent. of working time.

Facts about women (who are naturally more subject to sickness than men war workers) are just as satisfactory. Twenty per cent. lost less than 2 per cent. working time, and 80 per cent. less than 5 per cent. Deficiencies of diet are met by special menus in the canteens, and priority issue of milk to certain workers.

And I'm not only the M.O. I also help with works welfare—which means doing everything from arranging the local cricket matches to fixing the chairs for the "Workers' Playtime" concerts!

Baby Wanted

Often these jobs are not such poles apart as you'd think. There's a lot of amateur talent in the factory, and one of our brightest amateur stars was Caroline, wife of an R.A.F. pilot—herself a useful engine fitter of "V-8's" used in tanks.

Suddenly Caroline seemed to strike a bad patch. She was often away from work. Her trouble was diagnosed as vitamin deficiency, for which she was given diet treatment. She was rehearsing for one of our works concerts—and the day before the show went sick again.

Caroline was a puzzling case.

Then one night, just as the night shift was beginning, she came into my consulting room, looking like a ghost.

"I—I just can't go on the machines tonight," she began, tearfully, and, at my unspoken invitation, she continued: "but it's not very easy to tell you about my trouble. Jim said I ought to try . . ."

Jim is her R.A.F. husband. They've been married for two years. There is no family. And that was Caroline's trouble.

"For months Jim has been in training," she almost sobbed. "Soon he'll go on Operations, and perhaps overseas. I want a baby . . . but there must be something wrong, something dreadfully wrong. That's what is haunting me.

I wrote down a complicated symbol. Just five letters and some numbers. It was: $C_{21}H_{46}O.OH$.

"What's that," she asked, her tear-stained face raised anxiously.

"I hope it'll prove to be the solution to the whole trouble," I explained.

"It is the chemical symbol for Vitamin E. Unless there is enough of this in your diet it is impossible for a woman to have children. Vitamin D is made out of a material called ergosterol, and Vitamin E is just a slight rearrangement of it. You'll have injections, and ultra-violet ray treatment in the factory sports centre . . ."

As she was going out of the consulting room I said half jestingly: "You'll have to cure your troubles and solve your problem soon, Caroline, because the B.B.C. are coming down again, and we want to have you in the works broadcast. No more spoiled rehearsals!"

Weeks passed quickly. Caroline came in daily for her Vitamin E treatment, and rehearsed her broadcast numbers after works hours in the ultra-violet ray room. She was so healthy that soon her work on night shifts showed better results than ever before. But still I was a little worried.

Happy Ending

B.B.C. engineers had arrived and preparations were at their height for the show to go on the air just before the night shift.

Caroline came to me and there was a new light in her eyes.

"Jim has just gone on Operations," she said simply. "He's going overseas, too; so I hope he hears me on the radio to-night."

"Yes, it'll be like a message for him, won't it."

"It will. Do you think—it's not too late for me to change my numbers in the programme, is it? I want to sing 'The Three of Us.' Jim will understand. That's my message for him."

The broadcast went on the air and Jim heard it on the short-wave B.B.C. broadcast to the Empire. It was the complete Happy Ending to a strange but important job in the life of a war-factory M.O.!

NAZIS DEFIED BY BELGIAN BLACK LEGION

THE eyes of many spectators who watched the parade of the Belgian army in London a few weeks ago rested admiringly on a tall fair-haired Belgian parachutist.

Few of those who saw him, however, would have guessed that it is only a few months since Maurice, the Belgian patriot, reached this country.

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They would hardly have linked him with the vast explosion which, one day in February, shook the furnace of a large mine in Belgium's rich industrial region of Walloon.

It was Maurice and his friends who had dynamited the furnace and paralysed production in the mine which was working round the clock to produce coal for the German conquerors.

"The 'Black Legion' again," snarled the Gestapo agents as they began their investigation.

Well they might, because it is a patriotic Belgian underground organisation which has fought the German invaders violently and remorselessly.

A few weeks later Maurice and his friends succeeded in setting fire to a large convoy of lorries destined to take supplies to the German army.

When the infuriated *Gestapo* arrived at the scene they found a hat as the only clue to the identity of the saboteurs. They caught two of them, two friends of Maurice, and the last he knew was that they had been put against a wall and shot.

Maurice took up a rifle. With the help of his comrades he fought his way out of his enslaved country.

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How he did it and the route by which he escaped cannot be divulged. All that can be said is that a few German sentries who tried to stop him no longer live.

Now Maurice is a member of the Belgian army in this country. He has been trained as a parachutist.

But Maurice is impatient. Every morning he wakes up in the hope that the signal for attack against the German oppressors of his country will be given.

Like all Belgian soldiers in this country, he is now well equipped with the most modern British arms. He marches side by side with the divisions of Belgian infantry, artillery—with Belgian freedom soldiers of all arms. He knows that, for instance, Belgium's — Free Belgium's — Air Force is bigger to-day than it was when Hitler treacherously attacked his country.

And he wants to fight Hitler again. That is the spirit which animates the whole Belgian army in Britain. Meeting these men, one feels that Hitler has made a mistake in assuming that he has defeated that little country.

His stab in the back has not murdered the victim. They are very much alive and waiting for the day.

The Navy's depth charge jobs on Convoy work will be eased by the R.A.F.'s battering of U-boat nests

Can R.A.F. Do More for Russia?

★ Eager thoughts in the minds of many people are dealt with frankly by a leading spokesman in answer to these ten questions

BY JOHN CASHEL

DOES the Government consider, when determining the lines of our bomber offensive, the needs of our Russian ally?

Yes. The problem of selecting targets best calculated to serve this end receives the constant and anxious attention of our experts.

Picking Targets

(1) *How are targets selected?* (2) *And in what way does this offensive aid our ally?*

I will answer these two questions together. Our bomber offensive is designed, first, to get at the German output of war materials of all kinds—aircraft, tanks, guns, machine-guns, equipment, stores—at its source. To do this we must bomb, as we do on every suitable opportunity, the great manufacturing cities of Northern and Western Germany.

Our second objective is to force the Germans to divert the maximum amount of their available resources to guarding these threatened industrial towns. Maybe the extent to which they have been compelled to do this is not fully realised.

A substantial proportion of the crack German fighter squadrons is kept in North-West France in the hope of making it impossible for our bombers to attack German towns by day.

And a large and growing number of night fighter squadrons have to be based in Western Europe and in Germany itself to attempt to intercept our bombers by night.

Also, an extraordinary number of guns, searchlights, listening equipment and so on have been placed in great belts in front of Germany's western and northern frontiers and around the threatened cities themselves.

Our information is that at least three-quarters of a million highly trained regular German troops, artillery men and mechanics are employed on this work.

Another three-quarters of a million Germans have to be kept on full-time A.R.P. and fire-fighting.

Thus a million and a half able-bodied Germans are pinned down. And this does not count the high number of German workers in the armament industries whose services are wholly devoted to producing guns, searchlights, night fighters and other instruments.

How indispensable these elaborate and burdensome measures of defence are for the Germans is shown by what our bombers can do against a loosely-defended target, like the great Renault factories outside Paris, which a not particularly large force destroyed in an hour.

Our experts calculate that we prevented the production of sufficient equipment to have fitted out five motorised divisions, all of which could have gone to the Russian front this year.

Are we paying too high a price in loss of crews and aircraft in giving this aid to Russia?

Despite all the elaborate German defences our bombers penetrate to their objectives, and while we do not under-estimate their losses these have not gone up, in percentage.

Improvements in our methods of attack and our provision of better, faster, hardier bombers have just about kept pace with the elaboration of German defences.

Far More Damage

Are our bombing efforts producing better results in proportion to the number of aircraft we employ?

Our 1942 raids have done far more damage to Germany than anything before.

This series began at the Baltic ports of Lubeck and Rostock, in which supplies were handled for the Northern Russian fronts. It continued with the thousand-bomber attack on Cologne, in which 250 factories were hit, and with a thousand-bomber and other raids on the Ruhr.

It was then aimed at North-Western Germany with the thousand-bomber onslaught on Bremen, and the smaller but still heavy raids on the ports of Emden, Wilhelmshaven and Bremerhaven. It struck the Ruhr again in the particularly successful attack on Duisberg, and then dealt a heavy blow at Hamburg.

Our communiqués often refer to attacks on German submarine production. Should this type of target be given less attention, so as to help Russia more?

This destruction of submarine-building capacity is equally important to our Russian ally, as submarines are one method by which the Germans attack our convoys taking supplies to Russia.

Some people have misgivings over the irregularity of our bombing raids. Why is it?

One great difficulty facing a bomber offensive in North-Western Europe is that night bombing becomes much less accurate in cloudy weather.

Bad bombing weather, like that during July, is the real reason for the irritating interruptions.

Most people have been heartened by our daring daylight raids on Germany. What scope is there for developing these?

If cloudy weather is the night-bomber's most serious obstacle, it is the one condition that makes day bombing possible.

It was conclusively proved by the Battle of Britain, and by the costly results of some of our own day raids early in the war, that in clear weather bombers simply cannot successfully attack targets out of range of their own escorting fighters.

The Day Raids

Now, in cloudy weather, we are beginning to develop daring daylight attacks on selected objectives, and if this policy can be developed we shall have found a means of making our attacks on Germany much more persistent.

The raid by a considerable number of our four-engined heavy bombers on Danzig, right at the other end of the Baltic, was a remarkable example.

Cannot Bomber Command concentrate its attacks on the lines of communications leading to the Eastern Front and thus give more immediate help to Russia?

The suggestion that we should attack the actual routes, the roads and railways, by which the Germans transport their supplies to the Russian front, is an attractive one.

But bombing at this degree of precision can only be done in daylight, and, as I have said, this is not possible except in cloudy weather. And the whole of Germany lies outside the range of our escorting fighters.

Our experts thus consider it definitely better to attack the weapons of war while they are being made in the great industrial cities of Germany rather than attempt to get them in transit.

Cannot our bombers attack targets behind the German Eastern Front, and fly on to Russian bases to refuel for a return trip?

Unfortunately it is not a practical proposition.

The distance is very great. But the conclusive objection is that there exists no base in Russia from which our bombers could operate.

Like a Fleet

Modern bombers are somewhat like a fleet in this respect. They can only operate effectively from an established base in which quantities of stores and equipment of all kinds, of repair facilities and men trained and experienced in the maintenance of these particular types, exist.

We should be making impossible demands on our Russian friends, who are fully extended on the task of maintaining their own air force.

LET G

THE eighty fateful days of which Mr. Lyttelton spoke are sweeping by. A third of them have gone. What are the omens of their flight?

Take the unfavourable auspices first. They are many and grim. The heroic resistance of Russia against still overwhelming odds has failed to stem the German advance towards the Caucasus and the Volga.

Deep inroads have been made into the richest resources on which the effective maintenance of the Russian front depends.

The enemy are on the brink of the oil-fields. They are tightening their grip on the Black Sea. Stalingrad is in peril, and with it the mighty river which is the life-line of Russian communications.

In Egypt the deadlock continues, with the enemy powerfully entrenched within less than a hundred miles of Alexandria and the Nile delta.

The U-boat menace is at its peak and the Battle of the Atlantic is still in the balance.

In the Far East our gallant ally China is isolated, and the initiative in the Pacific is still with the Japanese.

They threaten Russia from the Aleutian islands and India from Burma, and which target they will strike at first is their secret.

And the sky over India is darkened by the revelation that the most powerful figure in that country is a potential quisling who has declared his readiness to become a tool of the Japanese.

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Turn to the other side of the account. The Russian army, which was to have been crushed a year ago, is still intact. The Russian spirit is still unbroken.

Timoshenko's magnificent defence of Voronezh has thwarted Hitler's plan of cutting the Russian line in two, rolling it up from the south and capturing Moscow.

Hitler's real task, that of destroying the Russian army, is still unaccomplished, and in his vain effort to achieve it he has lost more men and more material than Germany lost in the whole of the last war.

What this means is well stated in Howard K. Smith's "Last Train from Berlin":

> "The core of Hitler's war objective has been the conquest of the British Isles. Hitler is now farther from that objective than he has been since the fall of France. To-morrow he will be farther away and the day after still farther."

He has not only lost the flower of his army. He has lost priceless time in which the torrential output of Britain and America is overtaking him with giant strides.

WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST AND HE IS HAUNTED BY THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER RUSSIAN WINTER. HENCE THE FRENZY WITH WHICH HE IS THROWING EVERYTHING INTO THE FURNACE.

And there is another spectre that haunts him. All the time the second front is taking shape. It will be sprung on him directly our command of the air is so overwhelming as to make so vast an adventure practicable without risking the loss of the Suez, the Mediterranean and India.

Ever since the Battle of Britain, time has always been Hitler's enemy. It was never so formidable an enemy as now. If Stalin can hold the field till winter the issue of the war should be decided.

GERMANY HAVE IT!

Destruction of Hitler's war resources from the air. That's a "second front" already open and which we can go right on with, untrammelled by any of the factors which may unavoidably delay our land invasion

Says A. G. GARDINER

But, pending the second front, we must intensify the attack in the rear of the enemy. We have the weapon and Hitler's vitals lie bare to it.

In this respect, if in no other, we are in an immeasurably better position than we were in the decisive days of 1918.

Then we could not strike at the heart of the enemy. Now, with our air supremacy mounting by leaps and bounds, we have him at our mercy.

In two short months we have struck a series of such blows at the enemy's power-house as are the equivalent of many victories in the field.

One after another, Lubeck, Rostock, Bremen, Hamburg, Essen, Duisburg, Cologne, Duesseldorf have been shattered as if by earthquake.

The weight of these raids is indicated in an article in the "Soviet War News," which describes "Cologne after R.A.F."

It pictures a city still reduced to chaos, its great factories in ruins, its activities blasted, its population dazed and fleeing, its children crowded into improvised concentration camps, and the embers of anti-Hitlerism flaring out in demonstrations that the hated Gestapo cannot wholly suppress.

And the experience of Cologne is the experience of all.

Air-Marshal Harris, chief of the Bomber Command, made it clear that Hitler and his murder gang have brought these horrors on Germany. That should be driven home as relentlessly as the Bombs

Against this blast of destruction and death that is laying waste the whole of the Ruhr the enemy has no effective defence.

Thousands of planes and guns and hundreds of thousands of men who might be on the battlefields of Russia are on guard. But they cannot keep our bombers at bay. Nor can they retaliate in force.

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It is this avalanche of destruction, the prelude to the second front, that we must intensify and spread over all the cities of the Reich.

WE HAVE THE MEN. WE HAVE THE MACHINES. FORD ALONE IS TURNING OUT A BOMBER EVERY TWO HOURS. SOON HE WILL BE TURNING OUT ONE EVERY HOUR.

Consider the effects of this sustained and cumulative bombardment of Germany.

It is, in the first place, the most immediate and devastating way in which we can relieve the pressure on Russia.

It is not merely the vast material and man-power it withdraws from the East. With the knowledge of his flaming cities behind him, Hitler is driven to take desperate risks to bring off his gamble in Russia—risks that may yet play into Stalin's hand.

This is the immediate effect.

But there are others, immediate also in their results, and overwhelming in the long run.

Take first the question of production. Hitler never anticipated that his power-house would be vulnerable from the air. He had Goering's assurance of that. Under the impact of the R.A.F. he has distributed his sources of output, but the Ruhr is and must always be the mainspring of his might.

His iron, his coal, his foundries, his man-power are there. It is the biggest aggregation of production in the world, and its effective dislocation would mean the work of years.

Moreover, wherever he goes, whether to Renault's in Paris or the Diesel works at Augsburg, he cannot escape the R.A.F.

Set against this the fact that the United Nations' main source of production, apart from our own, is beyond the Atlantic, far out of the reach of attack.

It follows that in the race for output, upon which victory ultimately depends, Hitler is hopelessly handicapped.

The verdict of history will probably be that when he lost his flying start he lost the war.

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Turn to another major effect of the bombardment of Germany. In the last war the people of that country had no experience of the terrors of invasion. Not a gun was fired on German soil.

Yet it was the breakdown of the morale of the nation that ended the war. "We were not defeated in the field: we were stabbed in the back," was the precious excuse of the High Command.

Now, for the first time for a hundred and thirty years, the German people are experiencing the horrors of invasion on a scale without parallel in the history of any country.

The effect of that experience will be enhanced if we make it clear that it is Hitler and his murder gang that have brought these horrors upon the nation, and that the way to end them is by the nation's repudiation of the criminals.

There is a further effect, to which I can only briefly refer. An increasing body of expert opinion is agreed that Hitler's gravest problem is that of transport.

Just as he under-rated sea power, so he under-rated steam power. He built great military roads and relied on the internal combustion engine to give him mobility.

It was a capital error. His railways are largely derelict when he needs them most. His attempts to supply his deficiency of transport by coasting craft is defeated by our bombers and our sea craft.

His loss of tonnage on the coasts of Europe is relatively not far short of our losses by sea.

And our bombing raids on marshalling yards, railway engines, goods trains and stations are adding to the chaos of transport that will play its part in Hitler's ultimate overthrow.

AIR POWER IS THE SPEARHEAD OF VICTORY. WE HAVE SNATCHED IT FROM HITLER. LET US DRIVE IT HOME BY DAY AND NIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MONSTER—RELENTLESSLY, UNCEASINGLY, IRRESISTIBLY.

How Many Men Can Hitler Lose?

A REPORT which reaches me from a village in Wuerthemberg, Germany, says that every male inhabitant of that village has either been killed or wounded in Russia.

There are, no doubt, other German villages with an equally grim record.

Hitler's resources in human material are still big. Originally he put an army of over eight million men into the field, and his losses during the Continental campaigns were not too big to cause him apprehension.

The fighting in the East, the rapid succession of costly sieges, conquests by storm, the Russian winter which caught the Nazi supply organisation napping and played havoc with the German troops, have radically changed the picture.

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The new campaign in Russia has exacted a terrible toll.

If Hitler has read a book by one of his own statisticians, Friedrich Burgdoerfer, he must face the merciless language of figures—the hard fact that he cannot count on more than 500,000 new recruits a year.

The figure of Germans born in the last war—between 1915 and 1918—was, of course, much lower. Only 328,000 boys were born in 1918, and out of the 1923 and 1924 class only just over a million men are available for military service.

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That would be exactly the number killed or maimed during the last three months' fighting in Libya and Russia. It means that every new casualty in the fighting in progress or to come during 1942 will reduce the number of available recruits in 1943.

They cannot be replaced, and that is why boys of sixteen and seventeen have been captured in Africa, where they were sent after only a few weeks' training.

Prospect of the war dragging on to next year or even 1944 accentuates the inescapable problem for Hitler.

The years after 1924 were times of grave economic crisis in Germany. Boys born in these years are not only of inferior physical quality. The number of births after 1924 dropped steeply. That means fewer recruits still in the years to come.

Of course, Hitler is trying to replace the missing German soldiers with legionaires from all over Europe. But he would be the first to admit that they cannot compare with Germans in fighting quality. They are just hirelings, immune to the battle slogans with which Hitler has poisoned the minds of German youths.

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Hitler has never shown any consideration for human life. But I have no doubt that, just now, he is studying his casualty lists as carefully as reports of new military successes.

He knows that however much more territory he wins he cannot afford to lose many more soldiers.

The time will come when his highest hopes and his wildest ambitions will be drowned in a sea of German blood.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

WAR FACTORY RACKETS

THERE is a great and growing Black Market traffic in war factories.

Often, factory officials are the go-betweens. They receive a fat share of the illicit profits for selling "off the ration" goods to their workers.

While helping to produce the weapons the country needs, they are at the same time helping to stab the nation in the back.

I have put these facts bluntly because it is imperative to shock the authorities into action.

The scandal increases every day. Yet there is still no large-scale, properly directed effort to stamp it out.

Many of the goods are stolen—silk stockings, suitings, underwear, rolls of material.

Some of the goods are worthless trash—imitation "leather" handbags and the like.

All are eagerly bought by some of the war workers who are now earning bigger wages than ever before.

Let me give a few examples.

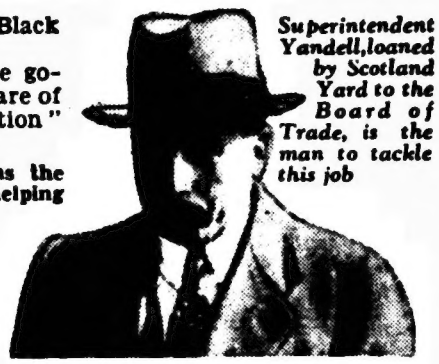
Accusations were recently made against a temporary official in a big Government works. It was said that he was carrying on an extensive business in silk stockings.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

Inquiries were made. Forty-five employees admitted buying goods from him without coupons.

"I'll take the rap," he said when questioned.

Nothing would make him reveal the source of his supplies. So the chief offender went scot free.



Superintendent Yandell, loaned by Scotland Yard to the Board of Trade, is the man to tackle this job

In a Midlands depot, a Ministry of Supply area inspector was found to be doing a roaring trade in couponless stockings.

He bought them at 15s. 6d. a dozen. He sold them to girls in local factories at an average of £2 7s. a dozen!

Then there was the warehouse manager who had a relative "in the trade." He sold stockings, gloves, socks and underwear.

Without coupons, of course.

Other employees assisted him as "salesmen." And at least ninety customers were traced.

So I could go on, with case after case.

Fines No Use

But here I must make it clear that this widespread and wholesale racket will never be stopped by the imposition of fines and short terms of imprisonment on the convicted offenders.

You see, the profits are too big.

Thus, at a factory near London, inferior stockings worth no more than 2s. a pair have recently been sold to the workers at 6s. a pair.

Sets of underclothing, so shoddy that they were worth no more than a few shillings apiece, found ready buyers at 23s. 11d. without coupons.

Yet there has so far been no prosecution in this case.

Above all, the "big men" nearly always get away.

The Black Market crooks who supply the goods are rarely caught—mainly because of the lack of adequate and co-ordinated machinery.

They are aided, I am afraid, by the attitude of many employers.

So many of our war factory managements are either too busy to worry about the "beat the ration" rackets flourishing on their premises or actually turn a blind eye to them.

Incidentally, factories are proving a rich forcing ground for an increasing number of illegal lotteries.

The agents work on a high rate of commission. And, though the chances of winning a prize are almost as remote as the Milky Way, the workers tumble over each other to buy tickets.

Indeed, many munition workers buy blocks of ten or more each week.

Though some managements are anxious to stop the sale of these tickets, it is obvious from the letters reaching me that quite a lot of agents find no difficulties in their get-rich-quick business.

But, first and foremost, the whole business of the illegal distribution of rationed goods must be checked.

The Big Men

Piecemeal investigations — isolated prosecutions of the smaller fry—petty penalties—will no longer suffice.

There must be a nation-wide drive against the racket of illicit trading, with its main purpose the hounding-down of the "big men" behind the scenes who are amassing fortunes.

I suggest to the authorities that this might well be entrusted to Superintendent Yandell, the Scotland Yard chief who has lately been appointed to direct the Board of Trade's investigation department.

He should be given a clear hand and all the assistance he needs.

For the Black Market is a malignant tumour in the organisation of the State. Its spread to war industry is a sinister and grave development that must be dealt with ruthlessly.

And quickly!

Don't Be Bluffed

EVERY day brings some fresh example of opportunism on the part of tricksters who are ever ready to exploit some need or shortage of the moment.

Canvassers are making door-to-door calls pretending to be Government officials, empowered to make cash payments for electric motors from old vacuum cleaners and other household machines.

There is no such Government requisition.

A Leicester reader asks why so many fee-snatchers are still able to secure plentiful supplies of paper.

He cites an example within his own personal experience—that of a "patent remedy" concern whose advertisement he chanced to answer some little time back.

The first reply apparently convinced him that the offer savoured of quackery, so he decided to let it drop.

★ ★ ★

Since then he has been bombarded with one "follow-up" letter after another, and each time about half a dozen pages of printed matter.

My postbag is crowded with similar examples of paper wasting. The best that can be said for such rubbish is that it helps to swell my office salvage collection, but surely with all the controls now in existence some action could be taken to stop these people wasting paper.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mr. D Norman, Salisbury Road, Barnet, Herts.

Write about matters needing inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

NEW SNARES FOR LONELY PEOPLE

NO matter how carefully they are conducted, business agencies which aim at bringing together lonely men and women are undesirable for reasons that should be obvious to all.

With the best will in the world, no Agency, however scrupulously conducted, could possibly undertake to vouch for the personal integrity of all its clients.

It is well known that adventurers and tricksters of all types regard them as a happy hunting-ground.

Many judges and magistrates have condemned them as mediums through which crooks and other dangerous people find dupes with ease, and it astonishes me that they were not prohibited years ago.

In war time the mischief of which they are capable is even greater.

"Lonely?" runs an advertisement of the Victory Correspondence Club, Honeywell Road, London, S.W.11.

"Join Friendship Club. Details 1s. 6d."

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Application to the "Secretary" brings literature showing that this "Victory" venture has been formed to introduce clients of all ages to each other for holiday purposes, personal friendships, or a view to marriage.

For a special fee of half a guinea the "Secretary" will supply a carefully selected list of members with whom to get in touch. A special code system is available, too, for those who have reasons for not disclosing their real names!

The address from which all this dangerous nonsense comes is the one used recently by that notorious fee-snatcher, Leslie Spikesman, for spreading abroad his homework lures.

He's At It Again

JOHN VAN RYSWYK, the "Marshal Founder and Supreme Master of World Legions Avatar," is at it again!

This debonair spell-binder, who once claimed that his "world-wide organisation of sixteen million members" was to bring peace and the solution of most of our troubles, has now decided to form an International University.

Apart from dealing with economic problems, it will encourage and employ methods of healing such as the van Ryswyk method (Palæosophic), which is a new development.

I hope it proves more successful than his World Peace plan!

Van Ryswyk also seeks contributions for his New Constitutional Order—plus membership fees.

If this organisation has published a balance-sheet, I should be glad to see a copy.

Here is Some First-Hand Italian News

ITALIAN soldiers afraid of their German overlords. Italian people too war-weary to be interested in their own troops.

That is Italy as seen recently by observers who have recently come to Britain, and who gave JOHN BULL this composite picture:

The Italians are normally a very demonstrative people. But this war imposed on them by Germany and their own wicked leaders has knocked the fire out of them.

Whether Italian soldiers are sailing for the front or returning wounded, the civilians show no interest in them.

They want to escape any reminder of the war.

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They all looked in need of a good meal.

We saw some of their military hospitals. *A nation that cannot look after its own wounded properly has surely lost all enthusiasm for war.*

They are very poor places, with dreadful equipment.

They close down at dusk. If, after that, a wounded Italian soldier has a turn for the worse, he is just being a nuisance.

At dusk, their medical orderlies go to sleep in the passages outside the wards. The patients can hear their snores.

Most of them are men of so low intelligence that they would be useless in modern warfare.

Prisoners of war can have their wounds dressed by their own compatriots.

But as to the Italian wounded, the doctors themselves seem never to have heard of bed sores, back rubs, and other comfort aids for an injured man.

Sisters of Mercy want to do good work, but the Italians rarely encourage women to enter military hospitals.

The Italian people are losing weight pretty well as fast. The Germans, without doubt, are taking the food.

Prisoners are allowed the following daily rations: 7 grammes coffee, 66 of macaroni, 15 of beans, 40 of cheese, and 170 of bread.

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Hungry themselves, some of the Italians used to encourage prisoners to steal food from the Germans on a share-and-share basis, telling them where the stuff was.

They were too terrified of the Germans to do a bit of "scrounging" on their own.

Some of the prisoners, caught helping in this way, got ten days' imprisonment each, four on bread and water.

During those four the Italians helped them from their own meagre rations—not out of kindness, but to encourage such larder raids!

Once the Italians palmed stolen stuff on some bullying German guards, who got the German equivalent of "jenkers."

At one place the Italians wanted to complain about their poor rations.

Afraid to make an unfavourable comparison with the German rations, they compared them with those of the prisoners of war.

"We get little more than the British," they said, "and they don't have to do guards like we do."

Those who complained were put behind wire with the prisoners.

SOUND AND FURY

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY
By WILL SCOTT

MR. ROPER, who was a meek man and didn't like arguments, very soon grew tired of the sound of the blustering man's voice and the way he *proved* things—at any rate, to his own satisfaction.

The blustering man seemed a very bad-tempered man, and Mr. Roper, who always had hated trouble, was very glad when the train pulled in at his station.

He pulled his suitcase off the luggage rack and put on his hat. But the blustering man also put on his hat and stood up.

"Oh, dear!" thought Mr. Roper. "He must live in the same town!"

And he pretended not to see that the blustering man was preparing to leave the train. He opened the door before the train had stopped running, dropped to the platform, and bolted for the barrier.

A little of the blustering man went a long way with Mr. Roper.

"Lime Tree Avenue?" said Mr. Roper hurriedly to the man at the barrier.

"Straight down for half a mile and third on your left from the bend," said the man at the barrier.

"Thanks," said Mr. Roper, and hurried away.

He would be three months in the town, on special work from his firm, and he hoped he wasn't going to be saddled with people like the blustering man for all that length of time.

He found Lime Tree Avenue. He found the house with which he had been corresponding for the past week. He interviewed Mrs. Jeffs, the landlady, was shown and approved of his combined room, ate a satisfactory meal, and then went out to see the garden.

It was only a small garden, and although night was falling rapidly Mr. Roper had a desire to stretch his wings a little wider. He went to Mrs. Jeffs' front gate and looked up and down the Avenue.

"Mustn't get lost in the black-out on my first night," he thought.

But the Avenue was long and straight, rising slightly for as far as the eye could see to the west, and so long as he kept to it and turned back in his tracks and neither crossed the road nor turned to right or left Mr. Roper did not very well see how he could get lost.

He took his time, because he always did. The night deepened and houses became mere outlines. And soon even the outlines began to fade.

"Better be turning back," thought Mr. Roper.

He pulled up and stretched, drawing in the cool evening air in gulps. And then, quite suddenly, he stood motionless, his arms still at right angles to his body, his head turned, listening.

Mr. Butter worked himself up into a fine fury

"Bit of a row on!" he whispered.

Somebody was going, as he put it to himself, hell for leather, hammer and tongs. A real up-and-a-downer.

"Giving somebody merry hell," thought Mr. Roper.

There seemed to be nobody else about. The night was quite empty. The quarrel was perhaps a hundred yards ahead, and in the still blackness there was something eerie about it.

Treading softly, Mr. Roper walked on a few paces, then stopped again. He could make out a voice. The voice of the blustering man.

"Oh, dear!" thought Mr. Roper. I don't want to be mixed up in one of *his* rows! No, thank you.

And, hating trouble now as much as at any time in his life, he turned back and made his way from the scene of the quarrel. Soon the sound of the row had faded to nothing, but Mr. Roper did not ease up.

Half an hour later he was in bed.

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The landlady woke him up at seven o'clock next morning, with a nice cup of tea and the news of the murder up at the end of the Avenue.

During the day, when more—but not a lot—was known about the murder, Mr. Roper began to be worried. The dead man was a stranger and nobody had come forward to say they had so much as seen him in the town.

His body had been found at dawn in the open gateway of the Gables, and that, for the time being, was all that could be found out about him. The police asked, not very hopefully, for information.

Mr. Roper didn't like it. For nearly fifty years he had been dodging trouble, and now it had overtaken him in this nasty way. At the same time . . . duty.

"Got to do it, I suppose," said Mr. Roper.

AND he went round to the police station and told them about the row the blustering man had been having at the end of the Avenue the night before.

The police listened, nodded, put a name to the blustering man (he was, incredibly, known as Mr. Butter), thanked Mr. Roper, and went off to have a few words with Mr. Butter.

Mr. Butter worked himself up into a fine fury.

"I went out for a walk last night *alone*," said Mr. Butter. "I was alone all the time. The whole time, see? Every damned minute. Anybody who says otherwise is a blasted roaring liar!"

Then the police asked questions with their eyebrows, and Mr. Roper insisted that this was the man he had travelled down with from London, and also that this was the voice he had heard quarrelling in the dark at the end of the Avenue.

"You roaring liar!" thundered Mr. Butter.

BUT Mr. Roper could even remember one or two things that Mr. Butter had said in the course of the quarrel, and he repeated them. And Mr. Butter suddenly sprang to his feet and thumped the table.

"Ah!" he cried. "You wall-eyed fool!"

And he grabbed his hat and insisted that the police and Mr. Roper should follow him there and then. He didn't insist that the crowd outside should follow him, but the crowd did, two dozen strong, in spite of all the police threatened.

They set off up the Avenue like a procession.

"Wall-eyed fools!" bellowed Mr. Butter. "Whole damned lot of them! Wall-eyed fools!"

Near the end of the Avenue he stopped and pointed a shaking finger at Mr. Roper.

"Wall-eyed fool!" he shouted.

And he turned the corner at the end of the Avenue and pointed to a telephone call-box.

"In there!" he said. "Ring up Cobtree 9979 and ask 'em. It's seventy miles away, but you ask 'em. Ask for Mr. Bates. Ask if I rang him up and gave him merry hell at nine o'clock last night. Ask him! Ask 'em!"

And the police went into the box and rang up Cobtree 9979. And that's how it was.

And Mr. Butter again pointed a shaking finger at Mr. Roper, and again shouted at him.

"You wall-eyed fool!"

Still, there was one thing about it. Mr. Roper wasn't saddled with Mr. Butter during the three months he was in the town. Mr. Butter never spoke to him again.

But did he snort as he passed by!

Human Machine

WILL TO RECOVERY

There are quite a number of people who doubt the influence of the mind over the body. "Of course, I think thus and in this wise" they say when accused of rank pessimism or baseless optimism. "Naturally, I fear the future," they smirk.

They needn't be so complacent. There is no "of course" or "naturally" about it. Anyone who thinks other than rationally, anyone who allows his reason and his emotions to conflict, those who don't think at all, all who don't put themselves under rigid self-discipline, are just ignorant of one of the best established facts of mental science.

Ask any doctor—why does this person go steadily on towards health, while that other lags? Just because one has what doctors call "the will to recovery" and the other hasn't.

Doctors know very well the limitless power of the mind over the body and they base not a little of their treatment on that fact.

So let's agree that the mind can influence the body. All right, then, let it! Think all the cheerful thoughts you can, and not only don't think the gloomy ones, don't even acknowledge their existence.

Ignore them. If you think better, you'll feel better. If you feel better, you'll be better.

You have a right to ask how anyone can think cheerful thoughts in these times. Well, point of view is everything. If there was no other thought left, the war is three years nearer its end than it was!

Remember that every shadow means light somewhere. Your job is to search for the light that throws the shadow, not to contemplate the shadow itself.

PILL WITHOUT SUGAR

IN the ruins of a blitzed town near the south coast the other day I saw a terror-striking poster headed by the unpleasant-looking word, in big, black letters—LOOTING!

It warned me that if I tried that sort of caper in that particular town I could be (a) shot on the spot or (b) sent to prison for the whole of the rest of my life.

I hadn't even thought of looting as much as a match-stick, but after reading that bill I looked round to see if anyone was looking at me.

It made me feel *guilty*.

And now my newspaper tells me that under the Ministry of Supply (Salvage of Waste Materials) (No. 3) Order it is an offence "to destroy or throw away any rag, rope or string, put rags, rope or string in a refuse bin or other receptacle used for domestic or trade refuse, or cause any rag, rope or string awaiting, or in course of, collection or sale, to be or become mixed with any material or article other than rag, rope or string."

And if I try *that* kind of caper it means either (a) a £500 fine or (b) three years behind the bars.

★ ★ ★

Life is becoming a long series of Awful Threats directed against Awful People.

I wonder how many Awful People there are really doing these Awful Things. I haven't heard of anybody being shot for looting. There have, of course, been lots of fairly stiff sentences passed.

And I should be very surprised to hear of anybody being fined £500 for causing "any rag, rope or string to be or become mixed with any material or article other than rag, rope or string."

£500? Thanks, as the comedian used to say, for the compliment. I do not personally know anybody who could do it.

An Awful Threat loses all its effect if it is never carried out. And none of these Awful Threats ever seem to be. So that the Awful Threats remain merely a waste of microphone, a waste of poster and a waste of newspaper space. And a very, *very* expensive waste, too, in times like these.

I do not myself believe that the number of Awful People justifies this expensive waste.

★ ★ ★

But that is not the important point. The important point is that this continual Threatening implies that *I* want to loot, that *I* will take the first chance I get to destroy rags and string, that *I* will burn all the paper I can lay my hands on, that *I* want to profiteer, that *I* want to hoard.

And, of course, *you*. . . .

It implies that *we* are Very Naughty Boys who have not yet been Found Out.

There might be a bit more enthusiasm displayed for quite a lot of things if a Minister of Rewards were appointed to work side by side with the Minister of Punishments, with his endless Threats.

What about a life-pension for the one who saved the most rags and bits of string?

What about £500 down (to balance the fine) for the one who ate the least food in a year, or salvaged the greatest heap of waste paper in the kingdom?

Let us feel that there are some Good Boys somewhere.

Life is a bit of a pill at the moment.

Why not a little coating of sugar to inspire us and put a bit of *enthusiasm* into the business of living? A. G.

★ Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

NEW DOUBTS ABOUT THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TIPS TO GIVE

Waiters can make you feel that a small tip is a dreadful thing

SEVERAL letters deal with a subject which provokes constant argument, especially at this time of year. The first comes from a man of unspecified age.

"Every evening for many months," *he writes*, "I have gone to a certain restaurant for a meal. The food is good and the prices reasonable, for money is none too plentiful with me. But lately there has been a kind of boycott against me by the waitress.

"If I make for a vacant chair, she tips it up, saying: 'This seat's engaged.' Sometimes she takes it away altogether, but it is returned soon afterwards. The other evening I had to stand for thirty-five minutes before I could get a seat.

"I mentioned the matter to another diner, and he replied that perhaps I was known as a small tipper.

★ ★ ★

"It is true that I usually leave 2d. by the plate, but I cannot afford more. I consider this boycotting is shameful and unjust. It is time the whole tipping system was abolished altogether.

"Many people are in straitened circumstances these days, and it is scandalous that they should suffer because they cannot be as lavish as the rest."

Tipping is unfair, because it penalises the poor man or woman, but so long as it is the custom it has to be accepted.

He will either have to go to a restaurant where "No Gratuities" is the rule or look upon the 10 per cent. tip as an additional item on his bill.

★ ★ ★

"Can you help me?" *asks a woman reader.* "I am staying in London for a few days and am rather at sea regarding the correct method of tipping in the various hotels and restaurants. I have been watching the amounts that customers leave in cafés and restaurants, but they vary so much.

"One man sitting opposite me left 1s. after a light lunch, whereas another left only 2d.! At the bigger hotels a floor superintendent is tipped for finding a suitable table, and the waiter is tipped handsomely at the end of the meal.

"The hall porter is tipped for whistling a taxi. It seems that any kind of service, whether asked for or not, involves tipping, which is often embarrassing and sometimes inconvenient.

"Then one is expected to tip the hairdresser and manicurist. In the Provinces this is not considered necessary, and so I go about in fear of breaking the social rules and unwritten laws of this town."

I think the 10 per cent. tip is regarded as the minimum. A 3d. tip for lunch would do provided the bill did not exceed 2s. or 2s. 6d., and 6d. would cover a meal up to 5s. The taxi-driver usually gets rather more—say 6d. on a 2s. 6d. fare.

★ ★ ★

In hotels there is no need to tip until just before the moment of departure. The waiter or waitress will expect an all-in tip for meals served; the chambermaid will expect to find a tip left in the bedroom. The hall-porter usually gets something for handling luggage and generally making himself helpful. The custom of adding 10 per cent. to the bill for "service" saves a good deal of trouble.

In this country we do not have the queue of employees standing with open palms that one encounters in countries abroad. Nor do our railway porters and theatrical programme-sellers whine for tips as they do elsewhere. But one can only dodge the conventional tipping at the cost of one's self-respect.

ONE holiday letter comes from a man who has obeyed Government orders and stayed at home. He confesses that he has thoroughly enjoyed it. So have his wife and children.

"We have had an extra hour in bed," *he writes*, "and we have breakfasted at leisure instead of with the usual rush. We have packed sandwiches and had picnic lunches in the local park or in the country. We never knew what delightful places there are within a short 'bus ride of the town.

"But best of all, we have missed that horrible experience of coming home again—travelling in overcrowded trains, finding a heap of letters and bills on the doormat, no food in the pantry, weeds knee-high in the garden, pockets empty, and a general feeling of disgruntlement that it is all over for another fifty weeks.

"We have all had a good rest, plenty of change, and we have turned several shades darker through getting plenty of sun and fresh air. The open-air swimming-pool has been every bit as good as the sea, and the bands and concert parties in the park were equal to anything one gets on the pier."

I fully appreciate all the man says. There are some lovely places quite near to our big industrial towns and cities—Manchester and Sheffield, for instance—and we don't make enough of them.

A holiday at home is excellent *provided the housewife gets a real rest as part of the scheme.* A few extra meals in a British Restaurant would lighten her burdens considerably.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

TRAVELLING for fifteen minutes by train, I learned from the conversation of one A.T.S. and three soldiers the exact location of five gun-sites and the battery number of two!—Mrs. Horsfall, Huddersfield Road, Oldham, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

A lecturer at a Sheffield dried egg demonstration was compelled to use her own tin of eggs, drawn on her ration book, because the Food Office refused a permit to buy a tin for demonstration purposes! —Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

For about a month a gang of men were employed unscrewing crates, putting anti-tank mines inside, and then screwing the lids on again. When the job was finished the same gang were ordered to unscrew the lids, take out the mines, and rescrew the lids on the crates again. This did not happen in a lunatic asylum, but in a munition works, and I was one of the gang.—A. C. (Lancs).

★ ★ ★

My soldier friend tells me he has to train soldiers in bayonet fighting, while in an adjacent field Italian prisoners lean on their shovels laughing, smoking, and making derisive remarks about the sweating soldiers. The "working" hours of the Italians are 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., weather permitting. . . . You know what the Army's hours are, in any weather.—R. Macpherson, Garngad Road, Glasgow.

VOICE OF THE

HERE is a graphic description of a hot-spot in the desert, told by Fusilier J. Flynn in a letter to his parents at Fellin-on-Tyne:

We were travelling along a road (kindly built by Jerry) to consolidate our position. Suddenly there was a burst of small-arms fire followed by the whining of shells. As we tried to avoid trouble, our truck turned right over.

As the fire was so heavy, it was impossible for any of the other trucks to stop and pick us up, so we "stayed put."

Realising that we were a perfect target for Jerry, we dived down behind a mound of stones and hoped for the best.

After a time the enemy thought we were dead, because he stopped firing, and soon we could hear them talking and walking about. They were about two hundred yards away.

Meanwhile, one of the trucks that had been hit was blazing fiercely some distance up the road, and we were hoping that none of our lads had been killed.

After much debating we decided to lie low until dark before hoofing it back to our lines.

Later we heard that one of our officers had come out with a tank to bring us in, but the firing was so hot he had to return.

Darkness came at last, and we set out. About a mile up the road we heard a truck coming towards us. We promptly took cover, just in case it was Jerry.

Imagine our joy when the truck pulled up and a Tyneside voice shouted: "Wee's that?"

This truck had been sent out to pick up the dead, but happily we were very much alive.

When we got back there was a double rum ration, and then we went to sleep as easily as children after an exciting day.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TO GIRLS AT HOME

And a few blunt words, in a letter to his relatives at home, from a seaman in the Mediterranean Fleet:

After the strain of sleepless nights, fighting off dive-bombing attacks and keeping vigilant watch over convoys, it breaks a fellow up when he gets a letter from wife or sweetheart saying that they have "fallen" for someone else.

Is it too much to ask the women at home to play the game while their men are away?

If some of the women realised the heartache and misery they cause they would think twice before breaking their promises or vows.

FLEAS AND REPTILES

Serving with the R.A.F. in Egypt, L.A.C. W. H. Holloway seems to be having an exciting time making war on anything from fleas to reptiles between the intervals of aerial combat. He writes to his mother at Willowbridge Lane, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts:

Some of the boys entered a valley about twenty yards from my tent and killed a reptile which was something like an alligator. It was about four feet long.

Yesterday we killed a snake that shot out of a bush as we were going by. Later we bagged four scorpions and two asps, which are deadly poisonous. (Remember Cleopatra?)

Fleas are coming in again now that it is getting hot, but we have launched our blitzkreig against them and "the situation is well in hand"!

SCOT MEETS COCKNEY

When that happens out in the desert there is bound to be a bit of fun, and here is Pte. J. Roy, R.A.O.C., in a letter to his aunt and uncle at Ivy Bank Cottage, Newburgh, Fifeshire, telling it:

You can't feel "browned off" for long when you have a few Cockney lads in the "mob." They are the best of pals and as chirpy as sparrows.

The worse things are the more cheerful they seem to be. Sometimes when I have seen a Scottie looking a bit down in the mouth I have thought that maybe a Highland fling or a sword dance would cheer him up a bit, but the real remedy for the "Blues" is the Cockney.

They have humour and guts, and then something extra which takes them through almost any tight corner.

Even when they sing it is funny. Bob, who comes from Stepney, in the East End of London, has just been making a hellish noise. On inquiry, I find that he was singing "Loch Lomond" in my honour!

In return he wants me to sing "Bonnie Mary at Carlisle"—a champion leg-pull, is Bob from Stepney.

Then, in a quiet moment, he asks me to tell him about that man "Ben Nevis" who lives up in Scotland. I almost fall for it, and begin to explain that Ben Nevis happens to be a mountain when I see a grin creeping across his mouth!

These lads with their jokes, laughs and singing, which is like nothing on earth, are the real "good companions" who can be relied on to drive dull care away.

(At this point Pte. Roy puts a question to his home folk which suggests that he is still taking a mild interest in Jean. . . .

. . . Is she still running round or is she spliced? If the latter, tell her to send me an invite to her hanging!)

SNAPSHOT FROM EGYPT

Another very human little snapshot of the fighting in Egypt—by a sergeant in the R.A.S.C., in a letter to a friend at Sherborne, Dorset.

We came upon a disabled German tank. Three men stood beside it with arms uplifted. Our patrol of seven closed in. Then, suddenly, a fourth Jerry lobbed a hand-grenade from inside the tank and the other three reached for their revolvers.

The grenade killed one of our fellows, but four Germans will "Heil, Hitler" no more!

Later that day we were dive-bombed by a Stuka, but one of our boys, with a single burst, put paid to it.

Next day we found a smashed German

TROO

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patched them up, and
corporal who in "Civ
hairdressing saloon, fo
in a German knapsack
So, in slap-up profe
got to work and gave
bobbed haircut and a

RAI

*Tom Poole, with
Africa, tells sister
Avenue, Mansfield,
odd incident at a fi*

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It was an open-sh
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NO COMP

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we need. We get a f
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and a bar of chocolate
very nicely, thank you

UNDER HEA

*From the East,
Parsons, serving u
division, sends ho
story of action unde
to his family at
Hurstpierpoint, Sus*

The Italians were
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TROOPS

tank and two wounded survivors. We patched them up, and then Ginger, a corporal who in "Civvy Street" runs a hairdressing saloon, found a barber's kit in a German knapsack.

So, in slap-up professional style, he got to work and gave us all a much-needed haircut and a shave.

RAIN

Tom Poole, with R.A. in West Africa, tells sister at Columbia Avenue, Mansfield, Notts, about an odd incident at a film show:

The cinema we drove to, in a truck, was definitely not a Ritz.

It was an open-shed affair with a roof, but no sides. The show had only been on about five minutes (the film was called "Rain!"), and we were just beginning to enjoy ourselves when a typical tropical storm swept over us, as usual without the slightest warning.

The strong wind drove the rain in on us through the open sides of the shed, and we were drenched before we had time to look round.

Within a few minutes the screen had been washed away, and the lights were put out by a flash of lightning that appeared to hit us but didn't. The thunder seemed to shake the earth.

We huddled together in a vain attempt to keep off the wind and the rain, but the weather won.

At last we made a dash for our lorry, and it was like charging through an icy sea.

On the whole, I think I prefer the "Flicks" as we see them at home!

NO COMPLAINTS

Here is a line or two from the boys in the R.A.F. in Iceland. L.A.C./R. Hoskin, writing to a friend at Horrabridge, Devon, has no complaints:

It is very different to the Iceland I had imagined, for in many ways it is much like England, perhaps a bit bare and stark.

We arrived after a very good voyage, with no excitement on the way.

There is a very good N.A.A.F.I. canteen here where we can get almost everything we need. We get a free issue of sixty cigarettes a week, two boxes of matches and a bar of chocolate, so we are doing very nicely, thank you!

UNDER HEAVY FIRE

From the East, Signalman G. Parsons, serving with an Indian division, sends home a dramatic story of action under fire, in a letter to his family at Bedlam Street, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

The Italians were about 5,000 ft. up in the mountains and could see all we were doing, so most of our work had to be done at night.

When the battle started we thought that the end of the war had come. There were 200 guns, and they averaged a round a minute for the first twelve hours.

We were on ammunition work that day, taking it up to the guns. The shells are not feathers to carry and we were kept very warm at the job.

We were lucky, for of the shells sent back in reply to ours, those that came near enough to do any harm were mostly duds.

Five of us were sitting in a circle talking when a dud landed in the middle of us.

All of us suffered bruises from the flying rock, but it could not have had our numbers on it, because it didn't explode.

Later in the month we moved down to the sea, and it was a welcome sight. Of course, the first thing we did was to dive in and have a good bathe.

You can guess how good that felt after three months of washing in tins and mugs.

TANK THRILLS

★ Rommel's men in Libya are pretty tough, but they're finding that our chaps can show them a thing or two at close quarters.

BY MARK PRIESTLEY

Our Lads Make Daring Escapes

IT'S sometimes bound to happen. Lines of communication snap. The tanks fight on till the engines flutter and cough for oil and water. The enemy tide sweeps forward and the crews of the armourclads are taken prisoner.

And they don't give a darn.

"Maybe I'll be a match for the Nazis even when it comes to the worst," said Bill Marshall, of the R.A.C. (Hussars), and that was before he won the D.C.M. for his "outstanding coolness, initiative and courage."

For four days Warrant Officer Bill fought through one of the biggest of recent battles. On the first day the tank was hit no fewer than six times by shell-fire.

"Go on," said Bill on the intercom. to the driver, when he'd dodged the last spatter of shrapnel, "What're you stopping for?"

But the driver had fainted.

The shells were still warbling over. Undismayed, Bill clambered out of his turret, squeezed through the driver's trap and drove for the rest of the day.

Sudden Flash

"We're the tops, see?" he'd say, "No one expects tank-fighting to be jam. But we reckon ourselves more or less alongside the submarine crews and the R.A.F. fighter boys. Cats' whiskers, in fact; and that compensates."

Two nights later, as they lay encamped with other tanks in larger formation, there came a sudden flash of tracers and stealthy attack.

Bill bounded out of his blanket on to the tank. Then he heard the scream of the shell, the roar as his tank blew to atoms, as he whirled through the air. . . .

The next thing he knew, he was being carried away on the back of a German tank. Straddling him was a "Jerry," a clear silhouette under the stars.

Bill clenched his left fist slowly.

Then, hurtling up, he dealt the "Jerry" a right to the jaw.

The K.O. was clean. Bill dodged down in a wadi. All that night, taking his bearing from the sky, he trudged through the desert.

Waited His Chance

He was back with his unit next morning.

One of our modern knights stepped from his captured tank with a couple of hand grenades palmed in his hands. He had never imagined his flair for amateur conjuring would come in so handy.

The time for the point of the trick came when he found himself with some other lads in a German lorry being jolted back across the Sidi Rezegh area.

"Jump, boys!" he muttered.

Then he pulled the pins and leapt to safety himself, split seconds before the explosion.

Bullets whined into the sand around them as they ran. They dashed to an empty German car and tugged the starter handle, but it failed to budge.

"But we got away," the tank kid wrote home to his mother, "Just an open run for it, with bullets everywhere. We knew they couldn't turn round an entire mechanised column just to catch a few English. And we'll soon be in action again—paying 'em back!"

Paying 'em back! It doesn't matter so much to the tank officer when he's always advancing. But retreat lends a personal grudge. . . .

Eric Forster, of the Royal Tanks, was in a charge of our steel Susies against a heavily defended Axis position. We'd been, as the announcers say, "reoccupying fresh positions," but the weather was changing.

Madly his tank wheeled and raced towards them

The verve of Forster's attack carried him into the thick of the enemy, but the traps were innumerable. In seeping smoke and a sudden gout of flame, his tank caught fire.

The crew faced the choice of being roasted alive, suffocated or smoked out.

Forster found a fourth way.

He stopped the lumbering, burning giant, clambered out and jumped on her back. A few yards away the Axis infantry might well have rubbed their eyes for a moment as they saw him coolly tackling the fire—with sand. And, talking of the speed of modern warfare, the moment cost them dear.

They rushed the tank. Forster felt their hands clawing him down, but the fire was out. He was free to fight.

Down smashed his revolver butt. A bullet seared his cheek.

So near, so numerous, the enemy couldn't miss. For an instant the trim khaki figure was overwhelmed by weight of numbers.

Then he flayed about with such ferocity that his opponents scrambled clear in a fear-sick wave.

They remained and they were irresolute. Before they could recover, Forster had disarmed them, and bundled them down through the turret.

The captors were captives!

Some of the Tank Corps chaps that have walked into our "Walk-in Wing"—the advanced fighter 'dromes—have staggering tales.

"Tramp" Oldham was taken at Tobruk. After five months' imprisonment he found a rough Cyrenaica map in a German magazine. That meagre guide sufficed for him to break camp and tramp 300 miles over the desert.

Day by day he'd store his tinned rations—sardines and Italian bully. But soon he came down to his last boiled egg and his last three nuts.

After four days, his life was saved by a German loaf he found by the way.

"Sure," he said, "I wanted to get back to my old wagon. . . ."

Major Ronald Jayne, too, staged an amazing "come-back to liberty"—not for himself, but for others.

His squadron of light tanks came under the heaviest fire of the enemy, and Rommel's new pak (anti-tank gun) was a stumer.

One tank came to a grinding standstill and the three of the crew ran for it as the enemy staged a flank charge.

From his "twirling turret" 200 yards ahead, Jayne saw their predicament.

Madly his tank wheeled and raced towards them. Withering fire still came from the enemy. Dead into it he raced.

It might have been a death drive, but Jayne grinned and he stepped on the gas.

He was sure he could make it—against the onrushing enemy—and he was first past the post.

He deservedly won the D.S.O. Jayne disavows his courage and gives the credit to the machines. "Top flight in their class," he says. But even in top-flight machines, the men still matter. . . .

DAWN OF HUMAN TRUST

JUST where does the barrier lie that rails off Humanity into divisions of privileged folk and those who would like to be? Dividing the Common Folk from the Self-Appointed Class, with a Social Enclosure upon whose fence are the words "Thou Shalt Not Pass!"

AND who is this Common Man, with his lack of glibness of tongue, with his unveneered education, and his foot on the lower rung? With his chances so circumscribed that they close when he needs them most, with his position of Sharer-in-all-that's Left, after the wealthier host?

JUST where will this barrier end? Well, it will be flung sky-high, for the Common Man is as fit to live as he is fit to die; in exactly the self-same way as his more fortunate flesh and bone, who think themselves a Class Apart, by the possessions they buy and own.

FOR neither poverty nor wealth will set its disquieting Brand on a Humanity that will learn to go forward hand-in-hand, with social suspicions crushed, making Living fair and just; then Life will come into its own FOUNDED ON HUMAN TRUST.

J. M.

TO OUR WATCHDOGS

YOU'VE earned our thanks—all the many readers who have responded to our various appeals for help in the national salvage drive.

From all parts of the country valuable information pours in, showing that readers are keeping their eyes open to spot examples of waste or muddle.

Here are a few examples taken at random from recent letters:—

Gloucestershire.—Salvage collected by farmers last June still awaiting collection by authorities.

Norfolk.—Thousands of brand new tins left lying in a heap, red with rust.

Glamorgan.—Hundreds of tons of iron lying about in disused works.

Devon.—Local salvage steward complains that he can get no guidance from authorities regarding the collection of old bottles.

Berkshire.—Stack of old motor tyres and a lorry load of scrap metal going begging.

Perhaps you may have noticed similar instances of carelessness or muddle. If so, you will be performing a national service by letting us know.

We cannot enter into correspondence, but we pass all such complaints on to the appropriate Government Departments for official action.

This Week's

MF FOOD FACTS

CALLING ALL MOTHERS

Don't worry because you can't give the children the foods you used to give them, foods such as fruit and meat. New potatoes, raw, shredded vegetables will give them sufficient Vitamin C, while for body-building you can't beat cheese. For the time being the cheese ration has been increased to 8 oz. weekly. A meal of bread, margarine, cheese, milk, and a salad of raw, shredded vegetables is grand for children. This is, in fact, the Health Meal or Oslo Breakfast which greatly improved the health of the Norwegian school-children before the war. The Health Meal is ship-saving, fuel-saving, and easy to prepare.

Cheese Salad

Ingredients : 1 medium-sized cabbage, ½ lb. cheese, nasturtium flowers. For the sauce : 1½ oz. flour, ½ pint milk, salt. *Method :* Shred the cabbage finely. Blend the flour with a little cold milk, put the rest of the milk on to boil. When boiling pour on the blended flour, stirring well till smooth. Return to the pan and cook from 1 to 2 minutes. Add salt and grated cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Cool sauce, pour over the finely shredded cabbage, and serve decorated with nasturtium flowers.

FARMHOUSE SCRAMBLE

Time: 15-20 minutes. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Ingredients:** 2 lb. mixed, cooked vegetables, 4 oz. grated cheese, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs (2 level tablespoonfuls dried egg, 4 tablespoonfuls water), chopped parsley, pepper and salt. **Method:** Mix all the ingredients together. Melt a little dripping in a frying-pan. When it is hot put in the mixture and spread it over the pan. Put on a saucepan lid and cook for about 20 minutes, shaking occasionally until it is brown. Turn out on a hot dish and serve it with lettuce or shredded cabbage. This dish is just as successful when baked in an oven, but in this case add a little more liquid.

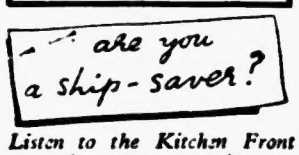
HAPPY HELPINGS

If your children don't like unaccustomed dishes here are some helpful hints :

1. Take it for granted that they will eat and like everything you put before them. If they sense that you're fussed by a refusal they will be more obstinate. It will help if they see that you and, better still, other children enjoy their food.

2. Cover an unfamiliar food with a creamy sauce, or serve it with a favourite food.

3. Give the children plenty of cheese. Their full 8 oz. weekly is not a bit too much for them.



Listen to the Kitchen Front —8.15 every morning.

Make a 'POINT' OF IT — buy prunes this week, only 6 points a lb.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 189

H. SAMUEL, famous for good watches and fine jewellery for over a century, is today going all out on war work. This means that H. Samuel Treasures will be few and far between until Victory is won—though at any of his 99 branches you will still find unrivalled quality and value.

Meanwhile—buy WAR SAVINGS regularly and help to win the war!

Headquarters
MARKET ST. MANCHESTER 1

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

LAST LAUGH

C. S. (Norton Bridge).—"As soon as the war is over, I expect to be able to help to put Britain's transport on the right road again." Re-erecting signposts?

MRS. L. (Chingford).—"My husband spent his holidays very happily and peacefully at home." And where had you gone?

NEMO (?).—"I am at present engaged on secret work in a large factory at H——, somewhere in Y——shire. During the last few months, we have made over ——000 b——s and ——000 s——ls. Nearly all of them have already been sent E——st." Sah! Such careless talk might help the e——y.

A. P. (Three Bridges).—"There should be further economy in electricity in cinemas." As far as couples in the back seats are concerned, they would be quite content to have no light at all.

V. Y. (Stevenage).—"Almost every morning I meet a famous actress exercising her dog." She probably objects to anybody else taking the lead.

MRS. B. (Birmingham). — "I have been called up for part-time work in a large factory. My hubby is awfully upset about it." See letter below.

D. B. (Birmingham).—"Now that my wife is going out to work, I am looking forward to getting more pocket-money for myself." See letter above.

H. U. (Biggleswade).—"During a bad bout of influenza, my dreams at night were consistently of a mountaineering holiday I once had in the Swiss Alps." That may have been the result of gazing at the ranges of your temperature chart in the daytime.

R. H. (Darlington).—"I didn't have a holiday this year but I sent the wife and her mother away to the country for a fortnight." What do you mean, you didn't have a holiday?

T. K. (Plymouth).—"It is possible to play over a hundred different games with a pack of cards." We recently had a partner who seemed to be dabbling in all of them except bridge, which we were supposed to be playing.

L. R. (Leominster).—"I can't think why he is invited to so many parties. He can't sing, recite or play any musical instrument." Three good reasons why he should be invited to so many parties.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

Old Bill has found that the engine room of a destroyer is not the best place to assist in Anglo-American co-operation.

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH: "In the Channel German minesweepers and patrol boats sank a British BUNBOAT . . ."

EVENING CITIZEN : "But Government supporters do not regard Sir —— 'no confidence' motion as a serious THROAT."

DAILY SKETCH : "Although these battledress suits are Army cast-offs, they are thoroughly cleaned, repaired and dyed a colour other than khaki. Thousands DIED green have already been distributed to farm workers."

THE SHIELDS GAZETTE :—"After HEAVING a report read by the Chief Constable . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Can you visualise a more depressing condition than that of Albert Lee, whose health was perfect when he enlisted for the Army in 1938? Two years of active service found him in such poor health that he was discharged medically unfit in September, 1940.

Since that time he has only been able to do three months' light work—the rest of the time he has been in and out of hospital, with hardly a day free from pain. He has no pension.

There are five children, all school age, which makes it impossible for his wife to work outside her home to add to the meagre family budget.

This man—and the whole family—badly need nourishment. Numerous small debts are a continual source of worry to Mr. and Mrs. Lee, who hitherto have always been able to pay their way.

A local Councillor, in recommending Lee's application for assistance, assured us that he is a sober, truthful, honest and industrious man.

Donations, earmarked "Breakdown" or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,334

FIRST PRIZE £50

W. H. Symons, 24, Cranfield Road, Camborne, Cornwall, for this "Bullet":

GOING FULL BLAST
RADIO—That "OUTPUT" UNNECESSARY!

£20 : Mrs. E. A. Dodd, "Barker Nook," 173, New Lane, Oswaldtwistle.
Out Went The Light And—World Is Hers' "Embrace."

£10 : M. Standen, 28, Cedar Grove, Yeovil.
Needs More—"Oomph," Less "Umph!"—Cabinet.

£5 : A. W. Harris, 15, King St., Treforest, Pontypridd.
General Winston—Lion-hearted, He "Lion" Reorganised.

£4 : Mrs. E. Clarke, 5, Tudor St., Merthyr Tydfil.
Better Than One—Nation "Riding," World "Hooting."

£3 : D. Gill, 104, Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow.
Old School Tie—Helps Am Pass "Chum."

£3 : E. Sweet, 37, Marsh Lane, Bedminster Down, Bristol.
Nemesis To The Nation—Slowly Sinking In. Sinkings.

10s. : W. Osborn, 33, Paradise Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Wing's A Splitter, But—Home "Drome" Often Home-Arms.

10s. : P. H. Lidi, 19, Palmersfield Rd., Reedsend, Surrey.
Praise Indeed—Grunt Replaced Sergeant's Bark!

10s. : W. Cutton, Vlamertinghe, Avenue Rd., Frensham, Farnham.
Going Full Blast—Father Filling Fuel Form!

10s. : W. F. Crabtree, 58, Heidelberg Rd., Bradford.
Going Full Blast—Gunner, To Beat Ben.

10s. : F. Bond, 30, Partridge Rd., Yardley, Birmingham.
Going Into Battle—When They've Perfected Salute!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 286

WINNING WORDS : 1. Gill. 2. Ebb. 3. Sweet or Speed. 4. Hat. 5. Tell. 6. Boat. 7. Leave. 8. Chat. 9. Fee. 10. Hedge. 11. Grab or Gray. 12. House. 13. Rest. 14. Rot.

£100 SHARERS : J. Beard, 77, Pensley Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs ; W. Bancroft, 76, The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster ; Mrs. W. Bradley, 137, Newsome Rd., South, Huddersfield.

One further entrant gave all correct Answers, but, supplying no name and address, was naturally disqualified. Awards value £50 shared between 60 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

SPEND LESS on yourself-
LEND MORE to your country

Issued by the National Savings Committee

FALSE TEETH
and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly*. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

is NOT liable to Purchase Tax and is NOT restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Act.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity), *Including Purchase Tax*. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ (*Including Purchase Tax*). Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Don't endure that

Backache

Use this Special Kidney Remedy if Sluggish Kidney Action causes

Backache
Lumbago
Rheumatic Pain
Urinary Disorder

YOUR KIDNEYS, like all filters, get partially clogged at times. When this occurs uric acid and harmful wastes may collect in the blood. These poisons attack your weak spots and so you are tortured by backache, urinary and bladder trouble, gravel, disturbed nights, stiff, aching joints, swollen limbs, rheumatic pains or lumbago.

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They will timulate the kidney filters, enabling them to rid the system of poisonous impurities which have caused your distress.

Worrying won't nelp you, but Doan's Pills can. Why not take them, now?

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). *Ask your Chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

CASH £325 for X WORDS and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For results of Xwords No. 286, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 IN BLACK-OUT, MOTORISTS DON'T ENJOY DRIVING THIS	A R			
2 SOCKS SOMETIMES END IN THESE	H O L S			
3 STOWAWAY MAY WELL HIDE A LONG TIME IN THIS	U N K			
4 SHREWD MOTHER SOON LEARNS TO TAKE THIS FROM BABY	C U			
5 YOU CAN PUT A WHOLE LOT INTO PLAIN, UNADORNED ONE	A R N			
6 FARMER SHOULDN'T DO THIS THE MOMENT EARS ARE HEAVY AND FULL	C R O			
7 TO INFLICT THIS ON MANY DOGS MAKES THEM UNHAPPY	A S H			
8 MAY BE SO OBSCURE AS TO PREVENT US SEEING DAYLIGHT	W O D			
9 IF SUSPENSE IS TOO LONG, CRITICS WILL SAY HARD THINGS ABOUT	Y A R			
10 IT'S A PITY WHEN ONE IS ALLOWED TO GO OFF THROUGH CARELESSNESS	U N			
11 AVERAGE CHAP DOESN'T FIND IT EASY TO DO	S H R K			
12 OUGHT TO BE TEMPORARY, ONLY	A C K			
13 YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY MORE FOR STRIKING ONE	C L O K			
14 STREET SINGER IS APT TO STRIKE A BAD	P T C H			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Sept. 5.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No..... MONDAY, AUG. 24
Signed .....
Address .....
290

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

— CUT ROUND THIS LINE —

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues permitted, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross '& Co.'; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS — 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Sept. 4. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,334th Contest on page 14.

TO GAIN THE MASTERY
TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY
IN THE SERVICES
SHOWS SENSE
WHY DAD'S HARD UP
BLUNDERING ON
AT OUR LOCAL
AVALANCHE OF FORMS
WHAT WE EAT
UNITY
BIT OF ALL RIGHT
QUEER THING
SIDE BY SIDE

WHEN BRITAIN'S READY
WHAT THE NAZIS FEAR
UNDERNEATH THE COBWEBS
THERE'S A WAR ON, BUT
EVERYBODY'S DOING IT, SO
NOW SONNY'S AN OFFICER
IF BUNGLERS WERE SHOT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SWEETS OF .....
HE'S ONLY A ....., SO
ADMIRING THE .....
FORGET THE ..... AND
GETS US .....
WHERE THE ... GOES

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated September 5.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,338 Monday, Aug. 24.
Signed .....
Address .....

— CUT ROUND THIS LINE —

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,338—or Xword No. 290, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

Short, we're afraid but still being made

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 20 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX

FOOT AIDS are within the reach of all, from 2d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. Nottingham & London C24

EYES ON THE FUTURE:

*The time will come when you need no longer miss a good picture for want of a film. Meanwhile, supplies of Selo films are necessarily restricted, but all available supplies are distributed through approved dealers. If your photographic dealer is out of stock, **please do not write to the manufacturers**; Ilford Limited cannot supply amateur photographers direct.*

SELO FILMS

Made by ILFORD LIMITED, Ilford, London

Sometimes hard to get—but always easy to get on with!
(Made for men-folk too)
WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

So now you

DRINK

the glass and a half of Milk

It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say 'Farewell.' The milk goes on your doorstep now — half-a-million pints a day of it to help your children's health!

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

FROM BOURNVILLE — *the Factory in a Garden*

I EARNESTLY ADVISE

Anyone with Nervous Trouble to try Yeast-Vite

Newbury,
July 2nd, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing these few lines in grateful appreciation of your Yeast-Vite tablets. My wife had a nervous breakdown and used to suffer terribly from severe pains in the head. Night after night (and early mornings and evenings) I was up trying by different means to ease the pains, but it was no use.

In desperation I got her to try a bottle of your Yeast-Vite tablets. I was amazed at the results. I am pleased to say that, within 10 minutes of having the pains come on, your Yeast-Vite relieved her, and after a week they left her altogether. Now this was some five or six weeks ago, and I am pleased to say that after the first week's trial she has since had no pains whatever, and enjoys a good night's sleep *every* night.

Nottingham. June 29th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—Three years ago I had a very bad attack of nerves. I took Yeast-Vite tablets and I must say what a blessing they were. I feel a new woman, so I feel I must let you know the good I have found in them.

(Sgd.) Mrs. R. L.

I would earnestly advise anyone with nervous trouble to try Yeast-Vite tablets. My wife is ever so grateful to them and swears by them, and I myself have recommended them to other sufferers, as I am sure they are well worth giving a trial.

(Sgd.) E. P.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in 1/2½ and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

EASY
SHAVING STICK
GOOD FOR MORE THAN 100 SHAVES

7½d
(includes purchase tax)
NO COUPONS REQUIRED

1 343-737-00 A LEVER PRODUCT

Guilty or not guilty?

Do you smoke every pipeful right down to the last shred and knock out only dust and ashes? Or do you sometimes throw away a dottle of unsmoked tobacco? Then read these hints on

'How to make your tobacco last longer'

1 Keep your tobacco in good condition. If it gets too dry, put a small piece of damp blotting paper in pouch or tin.

2 Fill from the bottom of your pouch. Pack evenly and firmly but not tightly enough to stop an easy draw.

3 An occasional *outward* draught through the pipe keeps it alight, if it shows signs of going out.

4 A small piece of clean paper (a cigarette paper for choice), crumpled into a loose ball and put into the bottom of the bowl before filling, will prevent waste, and stop bits of tobacco entering the stem.

FOUR SQUARE

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